

Adair County News

VOLUME XXV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY DECEMBER 3, 1922

NUMBER 11

Masonic Elections.

The following lodges have reported to the News the officers elected on the 27th of December, 1921, for the ensuing year:

COLUMBIA LODGE, NO. 96.

E. W. Reed, W. Master.
F. C. Lowe, S. Warden.
J. C. Strange, J. Warden.
Dr. J. N. Murrell, Treasurer.
W. T. Price, Secretary.
Geo. E. Wilson, S. D.
Horace Walker, J. D.
F. A. Rosenbaum, T.
Horace Jeffries, Stewards.
Sam Lewis

BREEDING LODGE.

Lenis Reece, W. M.
Simpson B. Roe, S. W.
C. W. Scott, J. W.
G. W. Curry, Treas.
J. E. Pulliam, Sec'y.
E. D. Roberts, S. D.
Olie Breeding, J. D.
Jo Stotts, Chap.
Charley Roberts, S. & T.

HOOD LODGE.

Robert Bailey, W. M.
C. L. Murrell, S. W.
Geo. Brockman, J. W.
W. N. Holt, Treas.
S. R. Blair, Sec'y.
S. J. Pierce, S. D.
Mont Wilson, J. D.
W. A. Loy, Tiler.
W. G. Foster, Stewards.
J. F. Reynolds

TAMPOCO LODGE.

Bingham Moore, W. M.
Geo. Rice, S. W.
W. H. Jones, Sr., J. W.
Eugene Rice, Sec'y.
D. O. Eubank, Treas.
S. C. Hood, S. D.
J. L. Watson, J. D.
W. O. Knight, Tiler.
Levi Kemper, Chaplain.

GRADYVILLE LODGE.

W. M. Wilmore, W. M.
L. H. Moss, S. W.
Eugene Neil, J. W.
W. D. Hill, Treas.
E. R. Baker, Sec'y.
W. D. Kelley, S. D.
Chesley Whitlock, J. D.
Clem Squires, Tiler.

GLENSFORK LODGE.

H. K. Walkup, W. M.
Ray Strange, S. W.
Geo. A. Smith, Jr., J. W.
Alfonzo Guthrie, Treas.
H. K. Taylor, Sec'y.
W. A. Garnett, S. D.
John Kelsay, J. D.
M. E. Blair, Tiler.

I have waited patiently on all who have accounts with me, and now please come in and settle same. My books must be square.

Respt.,

Albin Murray.

In Memorium.

Mrs. Sarah Ellen Wade, aged companion of the late Jas. R. Wade, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. L. Russell, at 3 o'clock, a. m., Dec. 2, 1921. All her daughters residing in this State were present when the end came, with the exception of Mrs. R. F. Rowe, who was with her husband at Jewish Hospital, Louisville.

Funeral services were held at Friendship Church, in Russell county, conducted by Rev. James Wade, after which the remains were laid to rest by the side of her husband, in the cemetery near her girlhood home. The deceased united with the Baptist church in early life and her death marked the departure of one of the only two remaining members of the Henry W. Smith family, a family whose influence upon the church and business affairs of Russell has been far reaching.

A Surprise Birthday Dinner.

Mrs. Lou F. Miller, who was born in Columbia 79 years ago, last Wednesday and lived here constantly all the years of her life, respected and loved by all who have known her, was happily surprised Wednesday afternoon of last week when she was invited, at her own home, to partake of an elegant dinner which had been prepared by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Sallie Miller, the wives of her grandsons, Mrs. G. R. Reed, Mrs. J. M. Reed and Mrs. E. W. Reed, their husbands being present, and Miss Frances Reed, a granddaughter, and her young friend, Miss Catherine Page, and two or three other ladies who dropped in to assist in preparing the table. When the feast was ready Mrs. Miller was invited to the dining room, where a table was laden with substantial, and the most delicate viands. Mrs. Miller was perfectly surprised, but her heart was too full to give expressions of her happiness. Mrs. Miller received a number of handsome presents, and the donors rejoiced in giving to grandma, who has become one of Columbia's antiques. May she live to see other anniversaries, as the wish of all her friends.

Pure bred 2 year old Plymouth Rock roosters for sale.
Mrs. W. T. Dohoney.

Married Christmas Week.

The following deserving couples of Adair county were united in marriage during Christmas week. They all have their friends, and in the new relations they have assumed, the best wishes of all their associates is extended, trusting that they may live to good old ages, and in their battle for prosperity, success will meet them on every hand:

John M. Smith to Sallie M. Curry.
Clarence Martin to Bessie Willis.
Ezra Curry to Zorada Roach.
Gillon Fudge to Edna M. Flat.
Jas. T. Tupman to Margaret L. Caldwell.
O. G. Allie to Florence Burton.
Roy Grider to Bessie Anderson.
Fred Hare to Anthea Caylor.
John Burton to Ermine Estes.
McKinley Boone to Ollie Hardwick.
E. N. Lewis to Minnie Williams.
E. G. Hardwick to Hattie Williams.
Ed Triplett to Lena Williams.
Lee Allen to Gladys Slinker.
Adrian Shepherd to Bessie Helm.
Ezra Perkins to Nora Lee Holt.
Perry T. Rexroat to Virgie ADD Mings.

Wallace Kniffey to Hattie Chelf.
All persons indebted to Willis Bros. must call and settle at once.
11-26 Willis Bros.

Married.

Sunday week about the noon hour, Miss Ira Coffey, a worthy young lady, of this place, was quietly married at the home of Rev. H. N. Phillips, on Greensburg street, to Mr. Otis Stults, son of Mr. Charles Stults, this place. The couple left at once to spend a few days at Lebanon and other points. The bride was reared in Columbia and she has many friends, who trust that her life may be one of true happiness. The groom was reared in the lower portion of Adair county, but has resided here for several months. He is a young man who has many friends. For the present the couple will reside in the Hancock Hotel building.

Two cottages for rent.
Dr. W. F. Cartwright

Died at Absher.

Last Friday morning at Absher, Mrs. Elizabeth Cooley, an aged and respected lady peacefully met her God. She was the mother of Henry and Robert Cooley and was a splendid old lady.

We understand some extra good ball players have entered Lindsey Wilson. The season for basket ball will not be over for some time.

Program.

The following is the program of the week beginning Sunday evening Jan. 8th:

Sunday night, Jan. 8, Christian Church. Subject, Thanksgiving for the Possibilities of Prayer. Speakers, Rev. Arthur Gross, Miss Eva Rhodus.
Monday Night, Jan. 9, Methodist Church. Subject, The Church and The Community. Speakers, Rev. Leslie J. B. Smith, Mrs. Z. T. Williams.

Tuesday Night, Jan. 10, Baptist Church. Subject, The Church and the World. Speakers, R. V. Bennett, Walter Ashby.

Wednesday Night, Jan. 11, Presbyterian Church. Subject, The Christian Home. Speakers, Rev. Z. T. Williams, Virgil Long.

Thursday Night, Jan. 12, Christian Church. Subject, Christian Education. Speakers, Rev. J. L. Murrell, Mrs. R. F. Rowe.

Friday night, Jan. 13, Baptist Church. Subject, Missions. Speakers, Rev. Leslie J. B. Smith, Z. T. Williams, J. L. Murrell.

All are cordially invited to attend these services and lend their part in making them beneficial in the life of the community.

R. V. Bennett, Sec

LOST.—A small Cameo pin. Old gold. Valued as a keepsake. Finder please return to this office.

Stricken With Paralysis.

Last Sunday afternoon, about two o'clock, Mr. J. V. White, who is well known in the county, met with a stroke of paralysis, at his home in this place. It affected his left side, and for an hour or two his condition was critical. However, he revived and about night he was considered better. He had a bad night, and Monday morning he was quite weak, but not in immediate danger. When stricken Mrs. Flowers and Russell were called, and everything is being done to restore him to health. Mr. White has many friends who are anxious concerning his condition.

See Mrs. Emma Jopes for sewing 11-36

The News

Wishes for all its readers a prosperous New Year; that no fatal disease will strike the county; that all the people will move along harmoniously during the next twelve months; and that happiness and contentment will be the watchword for all mankind; that moonshine and red liquor will be banished from the land; that the ministers of the county be well supported; and that none of us will forget to reverence the only living God for all the good things that may come to us.

Why stand in your own light. Ask your merchant for Radium Coal Oil.

Joe Hurt, Agt.,
Gulf Refining Co., Inc.,
Tel 266 Campbellsville, Ky.

Corbin-Sublette.

Miss Eulen Corbin and Mr. Branch Sublette were married at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. Mont Corbin, on Dec. 22, Rev. C. E. Burdette officiating. The house was beautifully decorated and many friends were present to witness the ceremony.

Immediately after the ceremony the couple drove to the home of the groom in Green county, where a bountiful supper was waiting.

Many beautiful and costly presents were received.

FOR SALE.—1 team of good work mules, one brood mare and yearling mule, priced right.

James Holladay.

The following couples were married in the upper end of the county last week: Audrey Sanders and Miss Annie Campbell; Julius Hatfield and Miss Lillie Mings; Nolan Jones and Miss Lora May Jones; Estell Spire and Miss Violet Hardwick.

Died Near Town.

Last Monday week, Mrs. Helen Bradshaw, whose home was about one mile South of Columbia, died at the age of 61 years. She was sick about four months. Her husband, Mr. Ad Bradshaw, died several years ago. She was a sister of Mr. G. A. Kimble, Russell Springs, and was a consistent Christian woman, one who will not only be missed by her sons and daughters, but by all who knew her. The interment, after religious services, were in the city cemetery.

More power, more miles. Ask for that Good Gulf Gasoline.

Joe Hurt, Agt.,
Gulf Refining Co., Inc.,
Tel 266 Campbellsville, Ky.

Mrs. Kate Patton Dead.

On Tuesday night of last week, Mrs. Kate Patton, who was the wife of Mr. Thomas Patton, died at her late home in the Breeding section. She was about fifty years old and had been sick several weeks. While bed-fast double pneumonia set up, and she soon passed over to be with those on the other side. She was a good woman and will be greatly missed.

Died in the Mill District.

Mr. Meridith Wilson, an old soldier, who removed from Gradyville to the Mill District, this town, the first of last week, was taken quite sick last Thursday and died during the night. He was about eighty years old.

Read This.

By the last of this week our store will be open for business. Stock all new and prices right.

Firkin & Keene.

Mrs. J. N. Coffey, of this place, who is a lady of thoughtfulness and ideas, is satisfied that woolen socks are much warmer than cotton, though there are some people (delicate in nature) who differ with her. We believe as does Mrs. Coffey, because she has caused us to form a definite opinion. She has presented us with two pair of woolen socks knit, on a knitting machine, by her daughter, Mrs. J. F. Patteeson, the neatest of work, and we know that the comfort we will get out of them, will discount any warmth that cotton socks would bring. We certainly appreciate the remembrance.

Dr. Garnett Miller, of Moody, in company with Mrs. Jones, a real estate agent from that city, were in Gatesville on business Monday. Dr. Miller was reared here and is still held in high esteem by many of our people who were delighted in the opportunity his visit afforded to extend him cordial greetings and seek to show him how glad they always are to have him come back to the old home. Dr. Miller ranks as one of the best physicians in Central Texas and old neighbors and friends are very proud of his success.—Gatesville Messenger.

The Russell County News is the name of a county paper that made its appearance at Jamestown. It is published by a Company with Mr. T. O. Holder as editor. It takes the place of the Advance which was published at Russell Springs. The first issue shows that it will merit the support of the good people of Russell county. The writings of the editor indicates that he will be a good news gatherer, just what the local people want. Mr. Holder is a Republican.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cundiff gave them a kitchen showers last Tuesday night. All who went carried a present and a number sent in their donations. Each donor with his or her gift presented it with a verse of rhyme. It was an evening very delightfully spent. Mr. and Mrs. Cundiff were happy in the thought that they had so many good friends.

Mr. W. T. Price has sold his insurance agency to Reed Bros., and is no longer in that business.

Mr. Frank W. Leach, who was a native of Adair county, who lived in Russell, near Jamestown nearly all his life, died one day last week. For more than thirty years he was active in the affairs of Russell county. He was a Mason and an Odd-Fellow and both lodges at Jamestown officiated at his funeral. In his death Russell county has lost one of her best citizens.

Adair County was without a County Judge from last Saturday afternoon until the day Monday. The retiring County Judge W. S. Sinclair, got his papers ready and turned them over to the incoming Judge, C. G. Jeffries, and left on a business trip for Harrodsburg. Judge Jeffries could not be sworn in until Monday.

Instead of Mr. S. F. Coffey, becoming a partner of Mr. T. A. Firkin, in the grocery business, his partner will be Mr. Elmer Keene that arrangement having been made in order for Mr. Coffey to become deputy sheriff. Mr. Keene is known as a most excellent gentleman and a good business man.

Mr. P. P. Dunbar who has been a faithful salesman for Buchanan Lyon Company, has tendered his resignation and Mr. Alvin Lyon, of Campbellsville, who is experienced in the business, has taken his place. Mr. Dunbar was undecided Friday as to the business he would engage in.

Capt. B. F. Powell, who was a native of Adair county, died at his home, in Lincoln county, last week. He was an old soldier in the Federal army and was eighty-odd years old. His last wife, who survives him, was Miss Annie Willis, of this county, a daughter of the late Anthony Willis.

While the Town Marshal has not made many arrests since the city Court went on record, the determination of City Judge Cravens to enforce the ordinances, has had a fine effect. The marshal is on the watch and he is having the backing of all those who want to see the laws obeyed.

The many friends of Rev. and Mrs. R. T. Watson will be distressed to hear that their little grandson, Tarlton, Jr., fell under their car and broke his thigh. He was in the hospital four weeks, but we are glad to state that he is at home now and able to walk after nine weeks.

Monday was the first county court of the New Year, and many farmers were in town. Some came to settle and others came to collect. Others to congratulate the new officers. It was a busy day and the merchants were stirring from early morning until night.

Mr. Geo. Coffey, sheriff elect, executed a strong bond last Monday and is now ready for duty. His first deputy is Mr. S. F. Coffey, brother of Mr. J. N. Coffey. There is likely to be one or two other deputies who will work out in the county.

Last Sunday afternoon Mr. Mont Pollard and Miss Emma Garmon; Mr. L. P. Brockman and Miss Matra Reynolds were married near the Trubee residence by Rev. Leslie J. B. Smith. All the parties live in the Milltown section.

Cole's airtight heater, practically new. Call News Office.

Mr. W. E. Harris has sold his bottling plant, located on Water Street, to Mr. Chelcie Barger. The price paid has not been given. Mr. Barger will continue the business at same stand.

At a meeting of the newly elected members of the Town Board, held Monday night, Mr. Bruce Montgom was elected Mayor and Virgil Collins, Town Marshal.

Mr. A. D. Patteeson has sold his handsome residence, on Bomar Heights, to Mr. Ores Barger, possession to be given soon. Consideration, private.

A prosperous New Year to all our readers!

PERSONAL

Miss Mary Miller left the first of the week for Louisville.

Dr. W. J. Flowers and family have returned from Hopkinsville.

Mrs. Nannie Flowers was quite sick several days of last week.

Mr. Lawrence Pickett was quite sick all of last week.

Miss Jennie McFarland is not able as yet to leave her home.

Mr. Herbert Taylor and wife spent last Friday in Greensburg.

Mrs. John D. Lowe was quite sick several days of last week.

Mr. B. F. Chewing has returned from a visit to Hopkinsville.

Chief Justice Rollin Hurt left home for Frankfort Sunday.

Mr. Seth C. White, Berea, was here a few days ago.

Mr. T. Earle Williams, Burkesville, was here a few days ago.

Miss Pearl Bradshaw visited relatives here a day or two of last week.

Mr. H. B. Ingram was not quite so well last week, but he is not suffering.

Messrs. Leslie Graves and R. C. Borders were in Columbia Thursday.

Mrs. E. L. Winfrey, Nashville, was registered at Jeffries Hotel last Thursday.

Mr. Coy E. Dudgeon, Lebanon, made a business trip to this place last Friday.

Mr. Fred McLean is in Campbellsville, assisting the newly elected Circuit Court Clerk.

Miss Nell Follis, Campbellsville, spent the latter part of Christmas with relatives here.

Mr. J. E. Flowers, who is engaged in Louisville, spent Christmas week with his family at home.

Mrs. S. P. Miller and Mrs. Chelcie Barger are both improving, and it is hoped that they will soon be well.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. McDonald spent the holidays with Mrs. McDonald's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Dunbar.

Mr. John Rose, wife and baby, who have been in Louisville for some months, were here for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Powers and little son, Donald, spent Christmas with Mrs. Powers' parents, Judge and Mrs. W. S. Sinclair.

Misses Lillie Judd, Alma McFarland, Thomasine Garnett, Catherine Willis and Bonnie Judd have returned to their schools.

Mr. A. R. Bishop, wife and children, and Mr. Chas. Richards, Louisville, are at the home of Mr. H. C. Feese for a few days.

Mr. R. L. Campbell, who has been at his home, Dirigo, for some weeks, returned to his situation at Louisville, last Friday.

Rev. Leslie J. B. Smith has returned to Columbia and will continue to preach for the Baptist Church during the present month.

Mrs. N. T. Mercer and son, Allen, spent a few days at Breeding last week. Mr. Mercer went down and accompanied them home.

Miss Laura Frazer, of Danville, is spending a few days in Columbia, stopping with her aunt, Mrs. L. L. Eubank, on Frazer Avenue.

Miss Willie Moran, who has been spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Moran, left Monday for Louisville where she is employed.

Miss Eva Rhodus and Miss Lucile Bushong, teachers in the Lindsey-Wilson, spent Christmas at their respective homes—Taylor county and Tompkinsville.

Write it 1922.

Mr. Jo Reynolds, 36 years old, died near Milltown, last Monday.

Mr. W. T. Price is assisting Mr. C. F. Paxton in the circuit clerk's office.

Mr. M. C. Winfrey can now be found in his office on the second floor of the post-office building.

The GIRL HORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$40,000, lies in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a piebald horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a flooded mine.

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while, his idea finally centering on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow traveler was a mining engineer, Charles Bullerton. Bullerton refuses him information, but from other sources Broughton learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville, in the Red Desert.

CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform at Atropia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appear to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angels. There he finds that Atropia was originally Placerville, his destination. Unable to secure a conveyance at once to take him to Placerville, Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Beasley, that he is slightly demented.

CHAPTER V.—Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked, and escapes on foot. In the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback, and THE DOG. After he explains his presence, she invites him to her home, at the old Cinnabar mine, to meet her father.

CHAPTER VI.—Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter Jennie. Seeing the girl, Stanford is satisfied he has located his property, but does not reveal his identity.

"I heard something today—something that you won't like to hear."



I Stuck My Head Out of the Blankets and Listened Greedily.

Charles Bullerton is somewhere in this neighborhood. He was in Angels yesterday or the day before."

"Huh!" grunted Twombly. "I wonder what sort of a crooked deal he's tryin' to pull off now? Did he stay in Angels?"

"N-no. What I heard was that he had left there to go to Atropia."

"I don't want to see him come foolin' round you any more, whatsoever, Jennie girl. I kep' still the other time, but that was afore I'd found out how everlastin' crooked he is."

"You needn't be afraid for me, Daddy," said the girl, and I could hear her low laugh. "You know you've always said I'd have to marry money, and Charles Bullerton hasn't enough to tempt even me."

I heard something that sounded like a deep-throated "Gosh!"—listen at that, will ye?" then: "If Charley Bullerton's been in 'Tropia he'll be bustin' in here, next, tryin' to get his claws into this here Cinnabar carcass. And me, I hain't got no boss to stand behind me. That'll be a nice kettle o' fish!"

I stuck my head out of the blankets and listened greedily. It seemed to be very highly necessary that I should be made acquainted with the precise ingredients of that kettle of fish. But my luck had exhausted itself. In a few minutes there was a stir in the living-room below, and I heard Daddy Twombly shoveling up ashes to cover the fire. That meant goodnight; and though I continued to listen, there were no more sounds, and I was finally obliged to go to sleep, leaving the fish-kettle still unanalyzed.

CHAPTER VII.

Honorable Scars.

If I had been what I had invited Jennie Twombly to imagine me; merely an ordinary drifting tourist set

obedience I saw him hastily helping his daughter to remove my plate, knife and fork, spoon, coffee cup and chair;



"Up in the Loft With You Quick, Stannie!" He Yipped at Me.

In other words, to obliterate swiftly and completely all signs of the presence of a third member of the family. In a minute or so there was a gruff hail from somebody outdoors and Daddy got up to go and look out.

"Why, hello, Ike, you old geezer!" he called. "What under the shinin' sun fetches you up on old Cinnabar this early in the mornin'?" "Light down and come in; you're just in the nick o' time for breakfast."

While I was cudgeling my brain in a vain effort to recall what, if any, memory association there should be awakened in me by the mention of an "Ike" person, this particular Isaac presented himself at the cabin door and clumped in with the stiff-legged walk of a man who has ridden horseback far and hard. I knew then why I should have been able to dig that memory association. This was Mr. Isaac Beasley, my Angelic friend of the overgrown silver star and the unshaven countenance.

"Huh!" he grunted, "them griddle-cakes shore do look mighty righteous to me! I been ridin' sense two hours afore sun-up; wild-goose chase clear over on t'other side o' Lost mountain. Couple o' prospectors blew into Angels day afore yistidday and said they'd seen that con-dummed lunatic that got loose from us and busted up a car fr the railroad; them yoddleheads said they'd seen him workin' in the Lost Creek placers."

"A looney?" said Daddy Hiram, as innocent as a two-weeks-old lamb.

"Yep; that feller that stole an inspection car and got it smashed up and then took to the hills. You hain't seen anything of him, have ye?"

"Nary a lunatic," said Daddy Hiram calmly.

His breakfast eaten, Friend Isaac showed no disposition to hurry away—much to my chagrin. He took time to smoke a leisurely pipe with Daddy Hiram and to ask a lot of indifferent questions about the drowned mine.

"Hain't heard nothin' fr'm yer owners yit, have ye, Hiram?" he wanted to know, after—as it seemed to me—the subject had been pretty thoroughly talked to death.

I heard Daddy's reply, made as to one with whom the matter had been canvassed before.

"Nothin' but that clippin' from some newspaper back East, tellin' about Mr. Dudley's passin' out."

"Kind-a curious somebody don't tell ye somethin', ain't it?" the marshal put in. "Looks like the heirs 'd be either fishin' 'r cuttin' bait on this here Cinnabar layout—not as it'd do 'em any good if they did. Didn't any letter come with the newspaper piece?"

"Nary a pen-scratch."

"Whereabout was the envelope posted?"

"Washin'ton."

"Ah!" said I to myself, "I have you, Cousin Percy! For some reason best known to yourself you didn't want Daddy Hiram to get hold of Grandfather Jasper's proper address!"

His pipe smoked out, the marshal prepared to take horse. Daddy went with him to the far side of the dump and the murmur of their voices came to me in diminishing cadences. After a bit Daddy came back and called up to me in the sing-song of the miners after the final blast has been fired: "A-a-l-l over, Stannie. I reckon ye can come down now and get you some breakfast."

Jennie served me in silence when I took my place at table and the good old man stood in the doorway, keeping watch, as I made no doubt, against a possible second-thought return of Friend Isaac, the bristle-bearded. Throughout the working day which followed he never made the slightest reference to the episode of the morning and, truly, I think the whole incident would have been buried in oblivion by those two simple-minded souls if I hadn't first spoken of it myself.

This I did in the evening of the same day, when Daddy had gone to make his entirely useless night round of the mine property. As on most evenings, Jennie sat at her corner of the hearth, knitting, and I was filling a bedtime pipe.

"Jennie!" I broke out, "I wish you'd tell me why you and your father are so good to me. How do you know that

I'm not the crazy criminal that other people believe me to be? I did steal the car and get it smashed, you know."

"You are not a criminal and I am sure you didn't mean to get the car smashed. Besides, you had taken shelter under our roof."

"You are true Bedouins," I laughed. "Is that the code in the West?—your code?—to defend anybody who has eaten salt with you?"

"I should think it would be anybody's code."

"You and your father were expecting this man Beasley to come here looking for me?"

"Daddy thought he might just happen along. We are only four miles from Atropia, you know."

"And was that the reason you put the old transit at the window?—so you might watch for him?"

"Of course."

By Jove! Another woman, any other woman in the world, I thought, would have let some little shred of sentiment show; she couldn't have helped it. But this one didn't. A boy couldn't have looked me in the eyes any more frankly and squarely than she did when she said "Of course." Since I had eaten their bread, I was, for so long as I chose to stay, a member of the clan.

It was near the end of the fortnight, and Daddy Hiram and I had scoured and rubbed and scraped and reassembled the engine and pumps, and were finishing the cleaning of the boilers. These were pretty badly rusted and scaled, and to do the job properly, we had taken the manhole heads out of the holes left to give access to the interior of the shells, and had had a good-natured squabble as to which of us should crawl inside to do the scraping; Daddy insisting upon doing it, because as he pointed out, he was the smaller man, and I arguing that I should because I was the younger and stronger.

To settle it finally we flipped a coin—one of those inch-wide copper pennies that Daddy carried for a pocket-piece—and I won the toss. The job wasn't exactly a picnic, but I got along all right until we came to the last of the battery. I found that the repairers had at some past time inserted a couple of extra stay-logs, so that there was little enough room left in the old steel shell for a professional boiler-monkey to wriggle about in, to say nothing of a husky young chap who tipped the beam at around a hundred and seventy pounds, stripped.

Just the same, I made shift to knock the worst of the scale off and rattle it down so that it could be washed out from below, and was backing out to make my escape, when I found that one of the extra stay-logs was loose. At my asking, Daddy screwed up the nut on the outside of the boiler head to tighten the rod, and then passed the wrench in to me so that I could screw up the nut on the inside. To this good day I don't know just what did happen, but I guess the big S-wrench must have slipped off the nut while I was pulling on it. Anyhow, something hit me a stunning crack over the eye, and I promptly faded out, blink like a penny candle in a gust of wind.

When I came to myself again it was night, and I was lying undressed and in a real bed in a room that was totally unfamiliar. In the looking-glass which hung on the opposite wall I got a glimpse of myself with a regular Turk's turban of white stuff wound around my head and skew-angled to cover one eye. When I stirred, Jennie popped in from somewhere to ask what she could do for me.

"What was it?" I asked; "an earthquake?"

"Daddy says you hit yourself with a wrench. Does it hurt much now?" "Not more than having a sound tooth pulled; no. But I was inside the boiler, wasn't I? How did you manage to get me out?"

She turned her face away and even with one eye I could see that she was trying to hide a smile.

"It was funny," she confessed, "though we were both scared stiff at the time. Daddy called me and I ran over. You were all doubled up inside of the boiler, and there wasn't room for Daddy to crawl in and straighten you out. And unless you could be straightened out, we couldn't pull you out."

"I see. What did you do?—send for a boiler-monkey?"

"What is a boiler-monkey?"

"It isn't a 'what'; it's a man; usually the lightest man in the shop."

"I was the monkey," she said.

I tried to sit up, but the blinding headache I had somehow acquired said No.

"You crawled into that rusty old coffin?"

She nodded.

"Daddy lent me his overalls and jumper. It wasn't hard; but when I got in and saw how badly you were hurt . . . there wasn't anything to laugh at, then. Daddy says you'll be apt to carry the scar as long as you live."

"Honorable scars," I muttered. "You straightened me around—I'll believe it if you say so—and then what?" "Then I got out and we pulled you out—Daddy and I. I was glad you didn't know; that you were past feeling things, I mean. We must have hurt you frightfully. I don't see how you ever crawled in through that little hole."

"It's much easier when you're alive," I offered.

"I'm going to bring you a cup of herb tea, and then I'll go and lie down for a while."

Since, as I afterward learned, the dose she gave me was some sort of home-brewed sleeping draft, I very nearly slept the clock round. Daddy came in and helped me into my clothes—they were eating their noon meal

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when I woke up and called—and apart from being still a bit headachey and tottery, I was all right again. But for two whole days they made me sit around and he waited on, hand and foot, and coddled and petted, those two; for their own flesh and blood they couldn't have done more.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Laboring Pumps.

On the third day after I had tried to train myself in the old boiler I was pretty nearly as good as ever, and my two Good Samaritans reluctantly consented to my going back to work, Jennie renewing the bandage on my broken head, and laying many injunctions upon Daddy Hiram to send me right back to the cabin if I didn't behave; "behaving," in her use of the word, meaning that I was to take it easy on the job.

That sounded mighty good to me, the way she said it. Most men, I fancy, are only overgrown children in the sense that they like to be fussed over by their womankind. Don't mistake me, please; I wasn't in love with her—then. Candidly, I don't think I knew what a real love was. But it was mighty pleasant to live in the same house with her, and to eat her delicious cooking; to be with her every day, and to have those undisturbed evening half-hours with her in front of the fire. If I had had to get out; or if there had been another man . . . but I won't anticipate.

In due time and after we had completely overhauled the rusted and gummed-up machinery, Daddy and I happened upon a day when we were ready to put fire under the boilers and we did it. If I should live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget the tense, suppressed excitement that gripped me as we brought the wood for the furnaces that bright, hot, July morning. By eight o'clock we had ninety pounds of steam pressure on the boilers, but we held off until it had climbed to the regular working pressure of one hundred and twenty. Then I started the pumps; two big centrifugal suction, mounted on a platform in the shaft mouth and so arranged that they could be lowered to follow the water level down—if it should go down; pumps that each threw a stream six inches in diameter.

After the pumps were started and the indicators showed, or seemed to show, that they were working up to full capacity, I rigged up a measuring gauge; a bit of wood for a float, with a string tied to it, and the string passing over a pulley in the shafthouse roof-beaming with a weight on the end of it. If the water level should go down, the float would sink with it, pulling the weight up. A smooth board, with feet, inches and fractions penciled on it, was stood up beside the weight to answer for a measuring scale.

At the end of the hour the float hadn't moved a hair's breadth; not a hundredth part of an inch, so far as we could see.

"I don't believe the pumps are working!" I exploded. "Surely they'd make some little difference in the level unless that shaft's got all the underground water in the world to back it up. Those indicators must be out of whack in some way. Where does the discharge water empty itself?"

Daddy knew this, too.

"Over in the left-hand gulch—into the creek."

"Show me," I directed.

We found the discharge from the pumps a little way below the end of the path; a ten-inch pipe which had been laid underground from the shaft-house, presumably to keep it from freezing in winter. The end of the pipe stuck out over the stream, and it was projecting pretty nearly a solid ten-inch jet of water. The pumps were working all right; there was no doubt about that. I dug up enough of my college math to figure that two six-inch streams would just about fill a ten-inch pipe, and here it was, running full and pouring like another torrent into the gulch. So back we went to the mine buildings to pile more wood into the furnaces and to resume our watching of the indicator and its pencil-marked scale.

Noon caught up with us after a while—with nothing doing save that we were rapidly diminishing our woodpile. For a solid week we chopped down trees and split them up, Daddy and I, and kept the fires roaring under the boilers and kept those monster pumps whirling and grinding away at the shaft mouth—night and day, mind you; watch on and watch off. And, right straight through it all, that little

Was Very Weak

"After the birth of my baby I had a back-set," writes Mrs. Mattie Crosswhite, of Glade Spring, Va. "I was very ill; thought I was going to die. I was so weak I couldn't raise my head to get a drink of water. I took . . . medicine, yet I didn't get any better. I was constipated and very weak, getting worse and worse. I sent for Cardui."

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

The Girl a Horse and a Dog

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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indicator weight I had rigged up stood stock still; never moved the width of one of the pencil marks I had drawn on its gauge board.

By this time my stubbornness was yielding something to the still more stubborn fact. If all this pumping hadn't even started the flood toward its diminution, truly all the waters under the earth must be backing the unfailing well of that drowned shaft.

Toward the last I think we kept on more from force of habit than anything else, but at the end of the week I gave in and consented to let the fires die down, though it was like pulling teeth to do it. Something, indeed, I brought out of the overtime work, disappointing as it had been in the major sense; I was muscled up as hard as a keg of nails; as strong as a mule, and the fierce toil of wood-chopping and boiler-firing had given me an appetite for real work that fairly made me ache when I thought of stopping. We thrashed it out that evening, the three of us before the living room fire, after Daddy and I had finally stopped the pumps and let the steam run down.

"I reckon you hain't no call to take it so hard, Stannie," Daddy said, after I had growled and groused like a bear with a sore head over our failure. "After all, you must recollect that it ain't no skin off 'n you if the



I Consented to Let the Fires Die Down.

old Cinnabar stays right where she is and soaks till kingdom come."

"No skin off of me?" I yelled, with a sort of wild laugh. "Listen—both of you," and then I told them the entire heart-breaking story of Cousin Percy's letter and my grandfather's joke; of my starting out on the fantastic search for the girl, a horse and a dog—a search which would doubtless have failed before it had fairly begun if I hadn't happened to ride in a Pullman smoker with the man, Charles Bullerton.

I remembered afterward that I had got just that far—to the naming of Bullerton—when Barney, the pie-faced collier, got up from his corner of the hearth, stalked to the door and began to growl. The next minute we heard a horse's sh-r-r, and Daddy Hiram rose, pushed the dog aside and opened the door. Then Jeanie and I, still sitting before the fire, heard him say gruffly: "Well, hello, Charley Bullerton! What in Sam Hill are you doin' up in this neck o' woods?"

I turned to look at Jeanie—and missed. In the moment when I had glanced aside she had vanished.

When Bullerton came in, which was after Daddy Hiram had lighted the lantern and shown him where to put his horse, he didn't seem half as much surprised to find me sitting before the Twombly house fire as I thought he might have been.

"Well, well!—look who's here!" he bantered. "How are you, Broughton? This old world isn't so infernally big as it might be, after all, is it? Who would have thought that our next meeting would be in such an out-of-the-way corner of the universe as this! I hope you've been well and chippin' all these weeks."

I said what I was obliged to, and wasn't any too confoundedly cordial about it, either, I guess.

Bullerton drew up a chair and began to talk, much as if we'd invited him to, about his hard-working year in South America; about the fabulously rich mines in that far-away Utopia of the gold-diggers; about his voyage up from the Isthmus; about the oddness of his meeting me on the train, combined with the more excruciating oddness of his meeting me again, here in the Eastern Timanyonis; things like that.

He was just comfortably surging along in the swing of it when a door opened behind us and he jumped up with another "Well, well, look who's here!" and when I turned, he was holding Jeanie's two hands in his and braying over her like a wild ass of the plains. And, if you'll believe me, that girl had gone and changed her dress! That is what she went to do when she slipped out and left me to stare at her empty chair, after she had heard her father say, "Well, hello, Charley Bullerton!"

It was all off with me from that time on. For what was left of the evening, Bullerton played a solo. I got full-up on the performance about nine o'clock, and climbed my ladder and went to bed, muffling my head in the blankets so that I wouldn't have to lie there and listen to the bagpipe drone of Bullerton's voice in the room below.

I hoped—without the least shadow of reason for the hope, of course—that the next morning would show me a hole in the atmosphere in the space that Bullerton had occupied. But there was no such luck. He was present at the breakfast table, as large as life and twice as talkative.

I made my escape from the cabin as soon as I could and tramped over to the mine. A glance into the shaft showed the black pool in its depths as placid and untroubled as if we hadn't just lifted a million or so cubic feet of water out of it by hard labor.

In morose discouragement I recalled the few things I had learned about drowned mines while I was knocking about in the Cripple Creek district trying to trace Bullerton. Particularly I remembered my talk with Hutton, the man who had finally put me upon what had proved to be the right track in the tracing job. He had talked quite freely. Sometimes the flood was only the tapping of an underground stream, as when one digs a well; in other cases—and these were most common in the Cripple Creek region—the source of the flood would be found in a buried lake or reservoir, large or not so large, as the luck might have it. If the source were a lake—so Hutton had said—there was little use in trying to pump the mine dry.

Mulling over these discouraging bits of information, I was naturally led back to the Pullman smoking-room talk with Bullerton. I remembered, with a sharp little flick of the memory whip, that he had given an expert opinion, which, as it seemed, he had backed up a year earlier with a thousand dollars of real money—the deposit in the Omaha bank made to cover my grandfather's bargain binder. What he had said was, "I'm reasonably certain that I discovered a way in which that mine can be drained at comparatively small expense."

Had he really discovered a way?—and with no better data than a study of the maps? Staring down at the black pool which Daddy and I hadn't been able to lower by so much as a fraction of an inch in a week's pumping, I doubted it.

I was stumbling out toward the engine room with my head down and my hands in my pockets when I heard footsteps coming from the direction of the cabin beyond the dump. Looking out, I saw Bullerton sauntering over toward the shaft-house. Though I knew that some sort of a wrangle with him was inevitable, I was perfectly willing to postpone it, so I edged in to the blacksmith shop and sat down on the anvil, hoping he might miss me and go away. But there was nothing coming to me on that bet.

"I saw your lead when you left the house," he began, after he had found me and had dusted off an empty dynamite box for a seat. "Don't you think you've played it rather low down on me?"

"How so?"

"By taking in my story of this mine when I told it to you without giving me a hint that you were the person most deeply interested—since my old gentleman was your grandfather."

"It didn't strike me that way, and it doesn't yet," I shot back. "I notice you were mighty careful not to tell me the name of your old gentleman—or rather, I should say, you lied about it when I wired you."

"An ordinary business precaution," he chuckled. "But we needn't waste our time bickering over what might have been—and wasn't. I have a contract with your grandfather which is legally binding upon you as his heir to this particular piece of property—always provided you can prove that you are his heir. What I'm here to say is that I'm ready to carry out my part of the contract; to unwaver this mine. What do you say?"

"How are you going to do it?"

"That, my young friend, is particularly my own affair."

I felt pretty scrappy that morning; there is no use in denying it.

"You're not the only pebble on the beach, Bullerton," I said, looking him squarely in the eye. "What you can do with this mine, another mining engineer can do quite as well; and the other man will probably be willing to do it without asking the fenced-in earth for his reward."

"Humph!" he grunted; "so that's your play, is it?" Then, after a scowling pause: "You're licked before you begin. You're fighting without ammunition, Broughton. You haven't any money, and you'll look a long time before you'll find an engineer able to finance his own experiment on your drowned proposition."

"That may be," I retorted. "But if you told me the story straight that night in the Pullman, you can't turn a wheel until I tell you to go ahead. So your contract, if you've got one, doesn't amount to a hill of beans."

"That point may make a nice little question for the courts to decide," he snapped. "But I don't want to go to

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law about this thing, and neither do you. As a matter of fact, you haven't any money to throw away in a legal scrap. You make me a deed to fifty-one per cent of the Cinnabar property, just as it stands, and then you may go back East and enjoy yourself playing marbles, or pitch and toss, or red dog—whatever your pet diversion may happen to be. Fifty-one per cent and you give me a clear field—not stick around, I mean. That goes as it lies."

"Huh!" I scoffed. "A while back you were talking about pulling the law on me. You can't make anything like that stand in the courts and you know it mighty well."

"Maybe not; but I can make it stand with you—which is much more to the purpose. You said a minute ago that I couldn't turn a wheel without your consent. You can't turn a wheel at all—without money."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

FRANCIS LYNDE



Francis Lynde is another example of "When a Man Comes to Himself," the title of an excellent little book which ex-President Wilson wrote for young men some years ago.

He was born at Lewiston, N. Y., in 1856, went to Denver as a young man, got him a job on a railroad, married a nice young woman and sailed along in obscurity until he was thirty-seven years old.

Then he woke up and took his pen in hand. What he had to say didn't stir the nation appreciably during the first five years. In 1898 he wrote three novels within 12 months, each one of which was a ten-strike. After that it was easy.

Mr. Lynde has romanticized the railroads of the West and written many other fascinating tales of that region. We have been fortunate enough to secure his late story, "The Girl, a Horse and a Dog," as interesting as its title implies, for serial reproduction in this publication. You must read it!

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Published On Tuesdays

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, Manager

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TUESDAY JAN. 3, 1922.

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All subscriptions are due and payable in Advance.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR JUDGE, COURT OF APPEALS.

We are authorized to announce Judge D. A. McCandless a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, Third District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Nine persons died in New York last week from drinking moonshine liquor.

Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, and a leader in Republican National politics, died at his hotel in Washington last Saturday night. He had been prominent for some years.

Pursuant to a call, the members of the Adair County Republican Committee met in the courthouse last Monday afternoon. Dr. L. C. Nell was chosen to preside over the meeting. Charges against Mr. Sam Lewis, the regular Chairman, was then brought before the Committee, the charges being that Mr. Lewis was active in favor of Democratic candidates at the November election. The Committee sustained the charges and ousted Mr. Lewis. Dr. L. C. Nell was then elected Chairman of the Committee. Mr. Lewis, it is said, will appeal to the State Committee.

Judge Rollin Hurt, who was at home all Christmas, announced while here that he would not be a candidate for renomination for Judge of the Court of Appeals. His friends from all over the district were writing him to reconsider the first statement he made in the Louisville papers, but he stood firm against making another canvass. His worth as Judge of the higher court is known all over Kentucky, and he does not consider that he has lost anything by declining to enter the primary. A just and an able Judge, he will retire at the close of this year with a record, for which he will not be ashamed.

Judge Cordell Hull, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, made a ringing speech at Nashville last Friday. It will be denominated as the opening of the next political campaign. The address was delivered at a dinner given in his honor. It was scathing from the beginning to the close, and the entire speech is well worth a careful consideration. He closed as follows: "Fundamental principles cannot be assassinated, and a great historic record cannot long be falsified. If wholesale breach of solemn and unqualified promises to the people constituted a statutory crime, Judge Hull said, every reactionary Republican

leader, State and National, would under a plea of guilty, be in the custody of the law. The disappointed farmer now reads the account of his industrial ruin by the light of his burning corn. Millions of laborers are frequenting the soup houses, bread lines and the auction block as in the days of chattel slavery. Business has discovered that it was crucified on the cross of politics. Under Republican leadership, the chairman said, American foreign commerce has slumped \$6,000,000,000 in the last twelve months," and an almost vertical slump in prices in America of from 30 to 50 per cent and, in purchasing power of farm products, of 66 per cent quickly followed. For two years prior to March, 1921, he said, the only remedy offered by Republican leaders for post-war conditions was an "antiquated high tariff and the archaic doctrine of commercial isolation." Development of a "sound public opinion that will give intelligent and active support to Legislatures and Congresses in enactment of wise, remedial legislation" was declared by the speaker to be "the first need of the country" at this time. The country is in sad and urgent need, he said, of more education and more cooperation on the part of individuals and business with respect to our public affairs. An intelligent understanding and wholehearted co-operation on their part would soon improve Government 100 per cent. The Democratic party is the only political organization Judge Hull contended, which today offers a "comprehensive, up-to-date national programme of policies and principles." The party, he said, still holds to its belief in a tariff for revenue only for economy in Governmental expenditures, for "equal rights to all and special privileges to none." The recent Democratic Administration has not yet received credit for its many great accomplishments, he said. But, whatever its defamers may say in the future, even the school children will soon learn that in 1912 our national wealth was \$187,000,000,000, and in 1920, when the Republican Administration was chosen, it was \$330,000,000,000; in 1912 our foreign trade was \$3,850,000,000, and in 1920 it was \$13,500,000,000. A year after the war the value of manufactured goods exported in one month equaled the amount exported in an entire year under Taft's Administration."

Gradyville.

A Happy New Year for the News.

We are having delightful weather at this time.

Rev. J. A. Vires and wife, of McDaniel, are visiting relatives here this week.

L. B. Cain received a nice bunch of cattle here this week from 4½ to 5 cents per lb.

W. B. Hill, of Russellville, spent the holidays with his friends and relatives here.

Marvin Keltner and family visited relatives in the Weed community this week.

Mr. Curt Bell, the well-known merchant of Red Lick, was in our midst the first of the week.

Mr. W. P. Flowers was by the bedside of his brother, G. T. Flowers, of Columbia, one day last week.

Misses Ruth Hill and Maude Wilmore, students of the L. W. T. S., at Columbia, spent Christmas with their parents in our city.

Mr. Sam Richard and family, who have been living in Campbellsville, for the past year, have moved back to their farm, near this place.

Mr. Will Walker, of Nell, was in our midst the first of the week, looking after real estate.

Mr. Shelby Wilson, a well-known citizen of this community, died with heart trouble on the 29th of December.

Mrs. E. R. Baker and her children spent several days of last week, visiting relatives in the Fairplay community.

Mr. W. C. Parson and family, who have been living in this community for the past two years, have moved to Campbellsville, where Mr. Parson has bought him a nice farm. They are good people and we can commend them to any community.

Hon. M. Rey Yarberry, in company with some of his friends of Louisville and Columbia, spent several days of last week, hunting in this community. They had fine success and we are always glad for them to come.

Miss Maggie Cundiff, one of the best teachers in the county, began school here the first of January. She has a full school made up for her, and our people are very fortunate in securing the services of Miss Cundiff, as their teacher.

Mr. O. B. Estes and family, who have been living in our town for the past year, sold their farm a few days ago to G. E. Nell for \$3,700, including his crop of corn made on his farm last year. This farm is known as this section as the Uncle Charlie Yates farm. Mr. Estes and family will move to Joplin, Mo., with a view of making it their future home.

We have in the last few days, heard several compliments passed by traveling men, on our new pike, so far as we have it completed. Those that remember a few years ago the condition of the road and what we had to go through, in order to get out of town, know exactly how to appreciate the new pike. We have a move on now, that we think will materialize and in the next ten days, we hope to have the road sanded as far as the rock is on, near Bliss.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rose, of Louisville, spent several days with their sister, Mr. G. E. Nell and family, last week, at this place.

Mr. C. O. Moss, the popular cashier of the Gradyville State Bank, left for Dallas, Texas, a few days ago, where he will join his wife and two sons, and they will spend a few days in the Lone Star State, with their relatives, and then return to their home at this place. During the absence of Mr. Moss from the bank, the fine young business man, Mr. V. O. Moss, of Greensburg, has charge and everything is moving along fine.

We are glad to report that our Baptist brethren have secured Bro. Lee Pendleton for their pastor for another year. With two good preachers, Bro. Rayburn and Bro. Pendleton for our leaders for the ensuing year, we

see no reason why we should not all do our duty and follow the footsteps of these two good men. If we will the teaching and the examples of our preachers when our time is ended we will have nothing to regret and all will be well.

North Columbia.

Christmas is over and we hope everyone had a good time and wish them a happy New Year.

Mr. Dick Squires and wife of Spurlington, visited friends and relatives in this locality during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Crenshaw, of Campbellsville, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Todd during Christmas.

Mr. Elmer Caldwell spent several days in Louisville.

Mr. Finis Cundiff and family, of Cane Valley, visited Mr. Ernest Cundiff and sisters during Christmas.

Leonard Murrell says that if he ever has any more hogs to kill he intends to make them up entirely into souse.

Quite a number of the boys visited George Smith during Christmas they all seem to like George very much.

Mr. H. C. Feese tells us that he is starting out with a number of good New Year resolutions.

Mr. George Smith was quite sick two days of last week.

Squire E. S. Rice and Honorable Joe Williams met in joint debate one day last week and discussed the questions of public interest. These gentlemen are forceful speakers and are well posted on the political situation.

Glensfork.

The Holidays passed off nicely here.

The entertainment at this place Saturday night was well attended and every one seemed

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Med. Flat Fork 6 in Box	11.76	Iced Teaspoons " " "	9.26
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Ind. Salad Fork, " " "	10.73	Berry " " " "	2.50
Tablespoons " " "	11.76	Baby " " " "	.78
Teaspoons " " "	5.88	Butter Knife " " "	.98
Dessert Spoons " " "	11.37	Cream Ladle " " "	1.55
Soup " " "	11.76	Gravy Ladle " " "	1.92

26 Piece, Seal Grain Leatherette De Lux Chest, Contents: 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, 6 Med H. H. Knives, 6 Med Forks, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Shell, Price Complete\$30.97

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to enjoy it, for it was a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Powell and little son, Mr. and Mrs. Ola Wilkinson and little daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kelsay spent part of the holidays with Mrs. Eva Wilkinson.

Mr. Charlie Thomas returned from Lynch last Saturday night.

Mr. Frank Strange and Mr. Lannis Loy and two children were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Willis Loy, last Monday.

Born to the wife of Ray Strange, Dec. 19th, a girl. Mother and baby getting along nicely.

On Monday, Dec. 26, the friends and neighbors gathered at the home of Mrs. Eva Wilkinson, with well-filled baskets to celebrate her birthday. The table was spread with the best of

edibles and every one seemed to enjoy the day. 29 were present. The afternoon was spent in social converse and music. May she have many more such days is the wish of the writer.

Miss Iva Lewis is visiting relatives here this week.

Mr. Horace Marshall, Will Ed Jones and Joe Dudley left, this week, for Indiana.

There have been several cases of chicken-pox in this community.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison Johnson are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Taylor, this week.

Mr. Allen Conover, who has been in Akron, Ohio, for some time, has returned home.

Adair County News, \$1.50 per year

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—DENTIST—

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WORRIED WIVES

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Half Sick, Cross Husbands Will Be
Helped by Gude's Pepto-Mangan.

Is he "cross as a bear" when he comes home? Is he nervous and a bit pale and - always tired? You can help him back to health with Gude's Pepto-Mangan. He is run down, and Pepto-Mangan, the wonderful blood tonic with the right kind of iron in it, will build him up. Help your husband get plenty of red blood and he will be well and good-natured again and stronger, too. Good blood, good health, makes happy good humor that is the way it goes. If you don't give him some kind of a tonic he will probably get worse—they usually do. Go to the drug store and ask for Gude's Pepto-Mangan in liquid or tablet form. It is pleasant to take and works wonders if taken daily for a few weeks. Advertisement.

Miss Nettie Clarke Grissom, who has been very ill for four weeks is improving.

The Graded School re-opened last Monday and the Lindsey-Wilson Tuesday.

Curtis, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Will Todd, of color, died on December 20th. Obituary will appear next week.

Mr. Wiley Feese and Miss Ethel Monroe were married by Eld. Z. T. Williams the day before Christmas. It is a popular couple.

Attention is called to the professional card of Mr. W. A. Coffey. It will be seen that his office is on the second floor of the court-house.

Mr. J. P. Hutchison has tendered his resignation as manager of the Armour Poultry House, and has been succeeded by Mr. Millard Young.

Russell Creek.

Christmas passed off quietly in this neighborhood.

Mr. Bartlett Hood, who has been very feeble is able to sit up but is still in a very serious condition. We hope he will soon be better.

Mr. Jake Bault is still a very sick man. We hope he will soon be better.

Mr. Finnis Cundiff and family of Cane Valley were visiting Ernest Cundiff and sisters and had some very good music Thursday night.

Mr. George Smith was very sick Thursday night but is a lot better at this writing.

Mr. Charlie Browning and family, of Bliss, were visiting George Todd and sisters during the holidays.

Mr. Dick Squires and wife of Spurlington, were visiting relatives here during the holidays.

Mr. John Will Cundiff and wife attended the wedding of Mr.

Branch Sublett and Miss Ellen Corbin.

Messrs. Ernest Cundiff, Ed Vires took Christmas breaking up corn ground.

Mr. James Todd was visiting relatives here during the holidays.

Miss Sallie Hutchison, of Cane Valley, was visiting relatives here during the holidays.

While hunting during the holidays Messrs. Jack and Henry Allen Cundiff saw a full grown kate-did flying through the field.

Mr. L. P. Murray was visiting relatives on Pettis Fork one night during Christmas.

Misses Loraine and Gay Squires and Mr Ammon Squires of Green county, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joe Murray during Christmas.

Several young people from this neighborhood attended the party at Mr. Weatherfords near Egypt last week.

Mr. James Suddarth received a nice Xmas present from his cousin Major Evan W. Suddarth of Pomona, Cal. It consisted of nice oranges, grape fruit, nuts etc., which grew on on his trees in California. Major Suddarth once lived here and after serving thirty years in the army is retired on good salary and married and owns an orange grove in California where he now lives.

Mr. W. F. Squires and daughter, Miss Kate, spent last Saturday with Mr. Joe Murray and wife.

Mr. Sam Pollard and mother removed last week to the Burke place owned by Adolphus Murray where he will make a crop this year.

Ernest Cundiff bought a bunch of shoats from Willie Scott and paid \$5.00 a head.

George Smith bought of Gordon Montgomery a bunch of shoats and paid \$5.00 per head.

Sparksville.

Mr. J. T. Rose returned home from Louisville last week where he had been employed for some time. He reports the labor condition there as being very bad.

Mr. Charlie Rowe and family left for Louisville last Monday.

Mr. Lucian Yarberry and family have moved to Montpelier where we understand he will take charge of the county farm.

Mr. V. L. Dooley spent the first half of this week at Less McGinnis's, doing some repairing that adds greatly to the looks of his home.

Mr. Will Froedge has about completed his new residence on Breeding Street road.

Miss Ora Wooten, of Dirigo, spent last week visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Belle Dooley of this place.

The revival meeting at Antioch church is still in progress, but three weeks have elapsed without any new converts.

Mrs. Lexie Sparks and Mrs. Alberta Dooley visited at the home of Ollie Page last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Rose visited at the home of your scribe Thursday evening.

We are sorry to report Uncle Sikes Wheeler is not well at this writing.

The Doctor was called to the home of Lennis Rowe Wednesday to treat his two children. He

pronounced them as bordering on pneumonia, but we are glad to state they are much improved at this writing.

Sparksville.

Mr. W. R. Janes is right sick at present.

Herbert and Thelma, the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lenis Roe, who has been right sick, is improving.

Mr. Leslie Hale, of Monroe county, is with his father and mother, at this place, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Gibbons visited at Mr. W. M. Brummett's Saturday night.

Mr. Sam Baker, of this place, and Miss Zora Coomer, of Basil, were happily united in marriage last Sunday. Rev. Hale performed the ceremony.

The protracted meeting at Antioch is progressing nicely with good attendance, conducted by Rev. Hale and Rev. Firkin.

Mr. Ruel Wooten and Miss Merle Coomer, of the L. W. T. S., are at home spending Xmas.

Mr. Lucian Yarberry is moving to Montpelier and Mr. John Dooley will take possession of the former's home.

Mr. Frank Wheeler and family of Temple, Texas, has returned to old Kentucky to make their future home. Glad to have them in our midst.

Misses Martha and Alice England are right sick at present.

Mr. Lazarus Bragg, of Argo, has returned home. Sure glad for him to be back to Kentucky.

Mr. W. K. Akin is erecting him a new rat proof corn crib.

Several of the young folks called at Mr. Lenous Roe's Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Ezra Curry, one of our excellent young men, and Miss Zorada Roach, of Toria, were happily united in marriage Saturday.

Misses Nadia and Myrtle Akins called at Miss Hatis Englands Monday.

Wishing the paper a success and its many readers a Happy New Year.

Disappointment.

As I have been a subscriber to the News for some time, I take pleasure in writing a few lines to my relatives and friends to let all know we are very well at present.

The health of this community is very good at present, with the exception of Mrs. Elizabeth Cooley, who is very sick.

Wheat is looking very well. Corn did not measure out to expectation.

Some plowing has been done for spring crops.

Tobacco has been selling from 12 to 18 cents to the local buyers. The pooling of Burley sections makes prices better. It will help farmers to get their just rights for their labor if all would pool. Also fix prices on hogs, cattle and other products. The hired man knows what he is getting while he works. The merchants know what he is getting when he sells. In fact all jobbers, manufacturers and all others concerns know what they are getting for their labor, making their own prices. Why not farmers make their prices? The better prices the farmers get the better trade the world gets. Live business adds to the cities,

"It is better to have it and not need it, than to need it and not have it."

1922

We are very grateful to our friends for their liberal patronage in the past, and hope to merit its continuation during 1922, by furnishing the highest class indemnity and rendering the greatest possible service.

We wish you a happy and prosperous New Year.

REED BROS.

Insure in All Its Branches.

towns, country roads and schools. Wishing all a Happy New Year.

A. B. Corbin.

Pellyton.

Mr. Ed Murrah and wife, of Elkhorn, were here last Sunday.

John Warner Jones, aged 74 years, died Dec. 17, with a complication of diseases.

H. F. and Fred Coffey have put up a new grist mill at this place.

Mr. D. K. Pelley, aged 85 years, is on the sick list.

N. T. Jones sold one cow to John Overstreet for \$25.

Mr. W. H. Sinclair is taking Xmas, at Columbia, with his son, Judge W. S. Sinclair.

Hazel, daughter of Mr. William Murrah, who has been living with her aunt, Mrs. D. O. Pelley left for Montpelier last Sunday.

Mr. Lee Sanders, who is at tending school at Campbellsville, was at home for Xmas.

Miss Opal Burton and Violet Hardwick, of Neatsburg, visited Mrs. N. T. Jones last Friday.

Our school closed last Friday with a Christmas tree and entertainment. We have had an exceedingly good school and we hope we may be fortunate enough to get Mr. Jule Hatfield to teach our school next year.

Differ on Christ's Birth.

The early Christians were divided as to the date on which the nativity of Christ should be celebrated. Some of these celebrated it on the first or sixth of January. Other groups observed September 29 and still another March 29. As early as the fourth century, however, the period of the New Year had been generally accepted as the time for celebrating Christ's birth. The Western branch of the church observed December 25 and the Eastern Church January 6. Finally it was decided that all should celebrate December 25. Pope Julius I, who presided in the first half of the fourth century, is credited with having seen the date.

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His rubbing the poverty gibe into me made me madder than ever and I thought it was about time to tell him where he got off.

"Then, by Jove, the wheels needn't turn!" I countered. "And that lets you out. If you want to go to law about that contract—sail in. That's all I've got to say."

"Oh, hold on!" he protested, with much concern. Then he showed me plainly what he'd been doing in the interval between his first and this second appearance in the Red Desert region. "I've had time to look you up, you know. You're engaged to a girl back East and you can't marry her because you haven't money enough. Half a loaf is better than no bread; and I'm offering you very nearly the half loaf. Take a day or so to think it over. I'm in no hurry." And with that he went back to the cabin across the dump and left me warming the trail.

I guess it will say itself that the next few days stacked up about as smashed an interval as I had ever known called upon to put over.

Bullerton had a masterful sort of grip that seemed to give him a strange hold upon everything he tackled. At table and in the evenings before the fire he monopolized the talk and the rest of us sat around like stouthearted bottles and let him do it.

It didn't help matters out much when Daddy Hiram, chasing me up on one of the days when I was dodging Bullerton, gave me the sealed envelope which my grandfather had left with him. As will be remembered, it was on the night of Bullerton's arrival at the Cinnabar that I had told Daddy and his daughter who I was, and the subject hadn't been again referred to by any of us. But now Daddy, having mistaken me on one of the trails to leave the mine, sat beside me on a cot and we had it out together.

"You knew who I was from the first, Daddy?" I asked.

"Not right plumb at first, no," he qualified. "You see, I didn't know who I was looking for. Always reckoned somebody'd be along, 'f course, but I didn't had any idea who 'r when."

"I'm afraid I've been a pretty sorry disappointment to you," I muttered. "I have no money and I don't know enough to be any good at the mining game. And that reminds me: my grandfather paid you a regular salary for the caretaking, didn't he?"

"Uh-huh."

"That has been discontinued since his death?"

"I reckon so."

"I have a little income of my own; not much, but enough for the way we're living here. It must be understood that I share it with you and Jeanie, so long as I stay with you."

"Ain't no need o' your doin' that, Stannie. I got a little stake hid out for a pinch."

In all this, you will notice, there was no word said about Bullerton. We sat in silence for a while, Daddy chewing a spear of grass. After a time he called attention to the envelope which still held unopened in my hands.

"Don't ye want to know what your grandpaw says?" he asked mildly.

At this I slit the end of the envelope. Its contents were a deed in fee simple to the Cinnabar and a note to me, written in Grandfather Jasper's cramped, old-fashioned handwriting. The note he merely said that he was leaving me a property which had cost him pretty well up to half a million and that he hoped I'd brace up and go to work and make something out of it, adding that if I hadn't been such a hopeless idler all my life he might have considered the propriety of adding an experimental fund to the gift. As it was, I must work out my own salvation—if I were anxious to possess any of that commodity.

I think it was on the fourth day after his arrival that Bullerton cornered me again and again it was in the deserted blacksmith shop.

"Well, Broughton," he began abruptly, seating himself once more upon the empty dynamite box. "I've given you plenty of time to think it over. Where do you stand now?"

"Right exactly where I did in the beginning," I snapped. "I don't want any forty-nine-fifty-one per cent partnership with you; neither that nor any other kind."

"All right," he rejoined, brusquely. "We'll call that phase of it a back number and go on to something else. I'll buy your mine, just as it stands, water and all—and that's what nobody else would do, you'd better believe."

"For how much?"

"For fifty thousand dollars—cash."

"No," I grated. "I don't need a little money that badly."

"Fifty thousand isn't a little; at a good, safe, investment interest it will give you an income of three thousand a year. And that's more than you're getting now out of what your father left you."

"You seem to know a good bit about my private affairs," I growled.

"You said a mouthful, then. I've inside it my business to find out about them. There's nothing much to you, Broughton, when you come right down to brass tacks. You had a good education, but you haven't had get-up-and-get enough in you to make any use of it."

"The less you dig in my private garden patch, the better we shall get along," I told him.

He was silent for a moment. He had picked up a bit of iron rod and was tracing hieroglyphic figures with it in the dust of the shop floor. Presently he looked up with a sort of mocking leer.

"Been trying to carry sentimental water on both shoulders, haven't you? The telling you right now, Broughton, it's no use. I filed on the little Blue-eyes claim over yonder in Twombly's cabin a long, long time before you ever saw or heard of it."

That remark of his carried things over the edge for me.

"See here, Bullerton," I said, and I suppose I stuck out my jaw at him as people say I do when I'm beginning to feel ugly. "There are limits, and I'll pay you the compliment of assuming that you are not quite a born fool. We are going to leave Miss Twombly out of it; completely and absolutely out of it."

"You may; but I shan't," he grinned back at me. "In point of fact, my dear fellow, now that I come to think of it, you'll have to leave her out."

"Not for anything you may say or do, or leave unsaid or undone."

"Yes, you will; and for something that I may say. And I guess this is as good a time as any to mention it. Have you forgotten that you have advertised yourself in this out-of-the-way corner of the world rather successfully as one of two things: a pretty dangerous sort of lunatic, or—a criminal? As a matter of fact, the railroad detectives have been looking high and low for you ever since you stole that inspection motor at the Angels platform and got it smashed."

"Twombly knows about that; and so does Miss Twombly," I cut in.

"They wouldn't give you away, of course; in a certain sense you are Twombly's guest, and in another you're his employer. But you'll notice that neither of these restrictions apply to me. Now, perhaps, you can understand just why you are obliged, in ordinary prudence, to leave the girl out of it—and why I am not so obliged."

"Miss Twombly, herself, has the casting vote on that," is what I flung at him.

"She has already voted," he said coolly. Then: "You're not in the game, Broughton; you don't hold anything higher than a seven-spot, and you are bucking a straight flush. Do you take fifty thousand and vanish? That is the one live question of the moment."

"No."

"Very well; I'll give you another day to think it over; but I'm warning you here and now that the price will shrink. It is fifty thousand today, say up to sunset; tomorrow it will be forty thousand."

I slid from the anvil and half unconsciously picked up the blacksmith's hand-hammer.

"You go straight to h—l," I said; and at that he left me.

I sat down to try once more to think things out to some sort of an action focus. Should I take Bullerton's fifty thousand and quit? Common sense said Yes, spelling it with a capital and underscoring it for emphasis. What was the use in hanging on? Hadn't we proved that the mine was undrainable, save, perhaps, at the enormous cost of driving an under-running tunnel from a lower slope of the mountain?

Then there was Jeanie. Then, again, there was Lisette. Fifty thousand dollars at six per cent would buy her hats—but it wouldn't buy much else. I could picture the calm and collected way in which she would say, "Yes, Stannie; you've succeeded nicely in financing the hats. But you know as well as I do that we couldn't buy hats and keep a car on three thousand a year."

I had just climbed down to this bottom round of the ladder of dejection when I heard a bit of noise and looked up to see a small, trim figure darkening the engine-room door.



"Mr. Broughton—Stannie, Are You Here?"

ing the engine-room door. Then a voice that I would have recognized in a thousand voices all speaking at once, said:

"Mr. Broughton—Stannie, are you here?"

CHAPTER IX.

To Fish or Cut Bait.

It is nothing short of wonderful how the sourest grouch can sometimes be banished by a single word. That word "Stannie," you know; she had never called me that before; though her father had been using the familiar handle, western-wise, right along, almost from the day I landed on the Cinnabar reservation.

"Yes," I said, and jumped up and went to her.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing as a bear with a sore head?" she asked, in the tone of a schoolma'am asking the dull boy if he'd ever heard of the letter "A."

"Often," I admitted.

"Well, isn't that the way you've been acting?"

"Haven't I some little cause?"

"Maybe, of course, I'm willing to make some allowances. It does seem provoking that your grandfather should have left things in such a dreadful muddle."

"How much do you know about the muddle?" I asked.

"I know that old Mr. Dudley let, or partly let, a contract for the draining of the mine, to a man who was almost a total stranger to him."

I saw how it was. Bullerton, always readier to talk than a stuck pig is to bleed, had been giving her his own version of things. But I let that part of it go.

"Grandfather Jasper was laboring for the good of my soul. He knew his 'medium,' as the artists say. He wanted to make me work—something that nobody else has ever been able to do."

"Don't you like to work?"

"Why-e-e, I guess I'm like other folk in that respect. I don't mind working if I can pick my job—and my company. I've been having a bully good time hammering around this old bunch of junk with your father. Or I was having one until Satan came also."

"Meaning Mr. Bullerton?"

"Quite so; meaning Mr. Bullerton, christened 'Charles.'"

"Ought I to stay here and listen if you're going to say things about him?"

"Not if you are going to marry him, you shouldn't."

"Well, why shouldn't I marry him if I want to? Haven't he plenty of money? And haven't I told you that I'd marry for money?"

"Humph!" said I; "when you talk that way you are saying out loud just what Lisette says to herself—only you don't mean it and she does. But tell me how did you get permission to come over here and talk with me?"

"Whose permission—Daddy's?"

"No; Bullerton's, of course."

"No; I don't have to ask it—yet."

"Not yet, but soon," I grinned. "All things come to him—or her—who waits. Just the same, you shouldn't have come. It's cruelty to animals."

After a man has traveled thousands of miles to sit at the feet of the one girl in the universe, only to find himself elbowed by a brown-whiskered jeet—"Hush!" she chided. "Can't you ever be serious? You are not sitting at anybody's feet. What are you going to do about the mine?"

"Bullerton offered to unwater the Cinnabar if I'd deed him a bit more than a half interest—and possibly he'd still be willing to do that, which would mean that he'd form a stock company and freeze me out completely when he got good and ready."

"And what is the other way?"

"He offers to buy the mine outright, just as it stands, for fifty thousand dollars."

"But your grandfather paid nearly half a million for it, didn't he?"

"Even so. But, you see, in the present scrap I'm the under dog. The man you are going to marry has none of the nice little scruples in a business transaction—if you'll permit me to go that far. He even threatens to turn me over to the authorities for stealing that inspection car and getting it smashed."

"Oh, I don't believe he'd do that!" she deprecated.

"It is perfectly right and proper that you shouldn't think so—in the circumstances. Just the same, you'll pardon me if I say that I'm swearing continuously and prayerfully at the circumstances."

"You don't want me to marry money and have good clothes and all the other nice things, and travel and see the world, and all that?"

"No, by Jove! I want you to marry me."

Her laugh was just a funny little gurgle.

"Bluebeard!" she said, just like that. "And you haven't even killed Miss Randle yet! Thank you, ever so much; but I don't want to be one of several. Besides, you haven't any money."

Talk of impasses and impossible situations! What could a man say, or hope to say, to such a girl as that! "Did you come over here just to torment me?" I rasped.

"Woof!" she shivered, "here comes the bear again!" and then, right smash out of a clear sky: "Kiss me—just once, Stannie-bear."

Did I? She was gasping a bit when she got up rather unsteadily to go back to the cabin across the dump head and wouldn't stay another minute, though I begged and pleaded with her.

"No, indeed, Bluebeard man," she said with that queer little gurgle of a laugh. "I—I think I have found out what I wanted to. Goodby." And then, after I thought she was clean gone, she turned back to say, airily: "Oh, yes; I had almost forgotten what I came over here to tell you. You mustn't sell the Cinnabar, Stannie; not for any price that anybody might offer you. Goodby, again."

Can you beat it? When the good Lord made women He doubtless had many patterns; but I do believe the mold was broken and thrown away after this Jeanie girl had been fashioned. For a solid hour or more I sat on that slab bench at the shaft-house door in a sort of bewildered daze, wondering if I had been asleep and dreaming, or if the bedazzling thing had really happened.

At breakfast the next morning everything passed off as usual and for anything that Jeanie said or looked there needn't have been any bench beside the shaft-house door and the dream theory I had been playing with might have been the sober fact. An hour later, after I had gone across to the mine, Bullerton came over to dig me out, as before.

"Forty thousand this morning," he announced as chipper as an English

sparrow over an unexpected heap of street sweepings. "Say, Broughton, can you afford to let your capital shrink at the rate of ten thousand dollars a day? If you should ask me, I should say not."

"You never miss what you haven't had," I shot back. "There are no takers on the floor this morning."

"Right-o; it'll be thirty thousand tomorrow, you must remember. At that rate you'll be owing me quite a chunk of money by this time next week. That's about all I have to say—excepting one more little thing: No more chinny little tete-a-tetes in the starlight, old man, or I shall be obliged to put the gad to you; the railroad gad, you know."

It made me so boiling hot to have him admit, thus baldly, that he had been spying upon Jeanie and me the previous evening that I could scarcely see straight.

"That will be about enough!" I barked. "I told you the other day that there were limits, and you've walked over and looked over the edge two or three times. You may think you have as many lives as a cat, but I doubt it!"

He laughed and threw back the lapel of his coat to show me a regulation six-gun slung by a shoulder strap under his left arm.

"You pulled a hammer on me yesterday," he said, letting the laugh lapse into a grin that showed his fine mouthful of teeth, "and you probably didn't know that you would have been a dead man before you could swing it. Oh, yes; I could do it, and any corner's jury in the Red desert would acquit me; dangerous lunatic—self-defense, you know. That's a word to the wise, and it ought to be sufficient. But I have a better life-insurance policy than any that the six-gun could write me: you're in love with Jeanie Twombly—in spite of that girl back East; and because you are, you are not going to make her a widow before the fact. You're not selling your mine for forty thousand—cold cash—this morning?"

"Not this morning or any other morning."

"Good. I can afford to stick around here a few days longer, I guess—at the rate of ten thousand dollars a day. So long." And he picked his way out of the clutter of the shop and went across to the cabin—and Jeanie.

Later, along in this same day, while I was standing at the shaft-mouth and staring down at the water that was keeping me out of my heritage, Daddy Hiram came up.

"Still a puzzlin' over it, Stannie?" he asked, in the sympathetic tone that he always used when he spoke of the Great Disappointment.

"There's nothing to it, Daddy," I gloomed. "Bullerton has me by the neck, and he knows it."

He tiptoed to the door and peeped out.

"You've heard 'em say 'at curiosity killed a cat," he said, out of the corner of his mouth; "well, the cat's a-comin'. Skip out o' that other door, Stannie, and hit for the timber. I'll ketch up with you 'in a little spell."

I didn't know exactly what he was driving at until after I got clear of the mine buildings and was climbing the slope of the mountain above. Then



He Waved Me to a Seat, on a Pile of Broken Rock.

I looked back and saw Bullerton sauntering across the dump head. He was evidently bent on another little job of spying; either that, or else he didn't want Daddy and me to get together by ourselves.

Under cover of the forest I sat down and waited; and in a short time Daddy joined me, making an excuse for the dodge-away that didn't mean anything at all.

"I got a claim over yonder in the right-hand gulch—the one 'at I was workin' when your gran'paw came along," he said. "Thought maybe you'd like to mog over with me and take a look at her."

Of course, I said I'd be delighted; so we made a detour around the Cinnabar, keeping out of sight from the cabin and shaft-house, and pushing on around the western slope for maybe half a mile until we came to the gulch in which the abandoned claim lay.

Working entirely alone, Daddy had driven a tunnel possibly a hundred feet deep straight into the solid rock of the mountain side, following the thin vein and hoping that it would widen into a "pay-streak." After he had led me a few yards into the tunnel, he waved

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7



FROM a silver-spoon and soft-mattress existence, Stanford Broughton suddenly is confronted with the alternative of looking for a job or, another kind of quest, try and locate a mysterious legacy left him by an eccentric grandfather.

He does not know the character of the property, but the grandfather's directions say that it is somewhere between the 105th and 110th degrees of longitude west from Greenwich, and the 35th and 40th degrees north latitude.

When he finds it he will be able to identify it by the presence of a girl with brown hair and blue eyes, a small mole on her left shoulder, a piebald horse and a dog with a split face—half black and half white. He is game and he starts to look for the combination. The troubles he has in locating it and the adventures and dangers through which he passes in securing possession of the property, also the romantic incidents in which the girl is a figure, make up this very fascinating narrative.

It is Mr. Lynde's habit to tell stories like this, and there are readers in multitudes who would be sorry to have him depart from the custom.

READ IT AS A SERIAL IN THESE COLUMNS

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Better Be Safe Than Sorry

Those Who acted upon our advise before the Fire are GLAD; Those who did not, are SORRY.

It is too late After the Fire—Better see us before the next one occurs.

REED BROS.

INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

COLUMBIA, KY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

me to a seat on a pile of broken rock, and took one himself with his back against the opposite wall.

"I'm gettin' just naturally so I hate a gosh-dummed crowd," he remarked, switching suddenly from his talk of the abandoned claim. "Feel sometimes as if I'd like to swap skins with a condemned gopher and duck plumb into a hole."

"Well," said I, grinning at him, "you've ducked, for once in a way, and so have I. What about it?"

"Charley Bullerton," he spat out, without further preface. "That slick-tongued word artist sure does get onto my nerves. What-all's he tryin' to do to you, anyway, Stannie?"

"I didn't see any reason why he shouldn't know, so I told him all of it, from start to finish, offers, bullyings, and threats, but, of course, nothing about the Jeanie factor."

"Great Moses!" he ejaculated, at the end of the sorry tale. "Why, gosh-to-Methusalem!—it's a hold-up! Do you reckon he kin unwater the Cinnabar?"

"Surest thing in the world. So could you or I, if we had the money to drive a long drainage tunnel from the lower slope."

The old man smoked along in thoughtful silence for a few minutes. Then he said:

"Bout that tunnel job; something like two hundred thousand, we figured that'd cost, with no bad luck, didn't we, Stannie?"

"That was the figure."

"And, first off, Charley Bullerton was willin' to give you fifty thousand for your rights—though now you say he's shaved it down to forty. That'd mean an investment of at least two hundred and fifty thousand; all a-goin' out and nothin' a-comin' in. Let's see where that's fetchin' us to. I don't know what your gran'paw paid for the mine, but it was less'n half a million, and I reckon he paid ever' dollar it was worth, don't you?"

"Doubtless he did," I admitted. "So there's where we land," he went on speculatively. "Two hundred and fifty thousand tacked onto half a million gives her a capital of three-quarters of a million sunk in her, first and last. Question is: Is she worth it?"

I was beginning to get his idea at last. He was wondering if a mine that had once sold at a top-notch price of half a million could stand the investment of a quarter of a million additional and still hope to be a paying proposition.

"You mean that Bullerton is figuring upon spending a quarter of a million more on it?" I queried.

"Nope; I reckon I can't. There's too nigger in the woodpile, somewhere, Stannie, as sure 's you're born."

"Can you carry it any further?"

"Nope; I reckon I can't. There's too many darned things a-puzzlin' me. One of 'em is where in Sam Hill did Charley Bullerton get all the money that he's flashin' around so peacocky?"

"I don't know where he got it, but he has it, all right; carries it with him," I said sourly.

"Yes; but see here, Stannie, son, I'll bet a fice dog worth a hundred dollars that it ain't his money."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, for one thing, because I know Charley Bullerton; been knowin' him since Adam was a little boy in knee-breeches. He can't keep any money of his own; just naturally ain't built that-away."

"Gambles it?" I suggested.

"Big gambles, yes; stocks and that sort o' truck. No sir-ee; these yeller-backs he's a-flashin' around ain't his'n, not by a long chalk, and I'd bet on it. Somebody else is settin' 'em up; and if that's so, Stannie, there's a reason for it."

"Sure," I conceded. Then: "Could you make a long, high, running jump and guess at the reason, Daddy?"

"Not so 's it'd hold together, I reckon," he replied dubiously. "But there's a few little notions 'at I've picked up from folks that's older in this neck o' woods than I am—been here longer. The old Cinnabar never was what you'd call a 'bofanza'. Plenty of ore, to be sure, but mostly low grade, 'cepting them rich little pockets now and then."

"Those rich pockets," I put in. "A strike of one of them would be about the right time to sell, wouldn't it?"

He nodded.

"You're shoutin', now. I reckon that's about how they caught your gran'paw. But Buddy Fuller—he's the 'Tropia telegraph operator and a sort o' half-way nephew o' mine—says there's more to it than that. 'Long back couple o' years 'r so there was a copper strike made in Little Cinnabar gulch, about four mile west o' here, and fellerin' it there was a heap o' talk about the railroad runnin' a branch to it. That there branch, if it was built—'r when it's built, for it's goin' to be, some day, to open them copper mines—that there branch 'll go right along our bench within a hundred yards of the old Cinnabar; so close you could mighty near dump from the ore sheds into the cars."

I began to see more crookings in the sacrificial road over which Grandfather Jasper had been led; many more and more devious ones.

"In that case, even the low-grade Cinnabar would come a bit nearer being a bonanza, wouldn't it?" I asked.

"She sure would, Stannie. That long, hard wagon haul to 'Tropia was what was puttin' the cuss in the cost o' handlin'."

"And with the railroad right at the door, so to speak, it might even pay to recapitalize at three-quarters of a million and drive that long drainage tunnel we have been figuring on?"

"Somethin' like that; yes. Can you see any further into the millstone? I'll say I've got about to the end of my squintin'."

I refilled my pipe and did a bit of cogitating. Supposing I had been the boss figure in the bunch that did Grandfather Jasper the honor to blink him; as conscienceless as that plate, whoever he was, and in the secret of the conditions as Daddy had just outlined them, what would I have done?"

The answer came as pat as you please. With a railroad in prospect which would turn a small profit into a big one, I should quite probably have shut the mine down to wait until I could hear the whistle of the locomotive.

This conclusion led promptly and logically to another. Supposing, at the moment when I had decided upon the shut-down, some doddering old gentleman had come along and offered to buy the mine? Add, as a corollary, the supposition that the water problem was daily growing more insistent, with the ultimate threat of flood. As an ordinary, garden-variety mining shark, what would I have done?"

That answer came pat, also. I should have taken the old gentleman's money, trusting to the rising flood to make him sick of his bargain in due course of time and thus willing to sell out for anything he could get.

"I believe I have it doped out," I told Daddy at the end of the cogitating pause; and then I passed the inferences along to him. The immediate effect was to evoke a couple of his quaint substitutes for profanity.

"Jeholachim-to-breakfast!" he exclaimed; "I'll be ding-swizzled if I don't believe you've struck the true lead, Stannie, my son! If you have, here's what follows: Charley Bullerton's here to do the dickering for that same old high-bindin' Cinnabar outfit that did your gran'paw up. They sold for half a million 'r so and now they're willin' to buy back for thirty or forty or fifty thousand. By Jezebel! I just knew that slick-tongued rooster was tryin' to work some skin game!"

"Yet he is going to marry your daughter," I put in grimly.

At this the old man turned gloomy-serious in the batting of an eye, drawing his mouth down at the corner and sucking hard at the pipe which had long since burned out.

"That's been a-pinchin' me like a tight boot, Stannie," he admitted. "If you'd ast me afore he come, I'd a' told you she hadn't a morsel o' use for that con-dummed blowhard. But just you look at the way things are stackin' up now! He's snoopin' 'round her mighty near all the whole time and she hain't never once give me the wink to send him a-kinin', like I'm itchin' to!"

He told me to look. I had been looking until my eyes ached. The indications were all one way, tons of them; with only one little impulsive kiss to put in the other pan of the scale. I didn't tell Daddy about the kiss; but I did tell him that Jeanie had told me not to sell the Cinnabar.

"So?" he commented, livening up a little. "That brings on more talk. Reckon you can make out to hang onto the old cow's tail for a spell longer?"

I took time to consider my answer. "I've been wondering if, all things given their due footing, it were worth while to hang on, Daddy. As matters stand now, Bullerton is stuck unless I sell out to him. If I should take my foot in my hand and walk out, he'd be left up in the air. But, on the other hand, there's Jeanie. If she's going to marry Bullerton, why, that's a horse of another color. I'm not enough of a dog-in-the-manger to bite her nose off to spite Bullerton's face."

"Um," was the grunted response. Then, with a side swipe that I wasn't looking for: "Charley Bullerton's been hintin' 'round that you're tied up with a girl back East. Is that so—or is it only another one o' his frilly lies?"

I laughed.

"I wish I knew, Daddy; I'd sure tell you if I would anybody. We were really engaged—the back-East girl and I; but I don't think we are now, and I don't think she thinks so. Anyway, she called it all off when we found out—or thought we found out—that my grandfater hadn't left me anything in his will. She's like Jeanie says she is, you know: she's got to marry money."

"Just so," he said, with a rather grim glint in the mild blue eyes. "All the same, if you had the old Cinnabar in slap-up workin' order, I reckon you'd have to go back yonder and marry her, wouldn't ye?"

"I'd be in honor bound to offer to, anyway."

"That don't sound much like you we carlin' a whole lot for her," he objected gravely.

I despaired in advance of making him understand the lack of sentiment in the case, or the viewpoint from which any such condition could be considered as a human possibility. He was much too simple-hearted. So I got rid of the Lisette obstacle, or got around it, as best I could.

"She has been free for several weeks, now; in all probability she is wearing some other fellow's ring by this time. But about the Cinnabar: assuming that my string of guesses is hitched up to the true state of affairs, what would you advise me to do? Shall I hang on—with no prospect, that I can see, of getting anywhere on my own hook? Or shall I sell out to Bullerton and thus let your daughter in for a wife's share of a possible fortune?"

"Gosh-all-hemlock!" he sputtered, "when you line it up that-away, I reckon I ain't the man to tell you what to do!" Then, as upon a second and belated thought: "Jeanie says for you not to sell; if she said that to me, I'd hang on till the cows come home. I would so!"

I got up and knocked the ashes from my pipe.

"And that, Daddy, is precisely what I'm going to do," I said; and the say-

ing of it ended the conference in the abandoned tunnel of the "Little Jeanie."

CHAPTER X.

The Deep-Well.

The next morning I turned out at break of day, before anybody else was up, slipped into my clothes, straightened up my bunk, and dropped through the ladder hatchway to the main-deck.

I had told myself that the reason for the daybreak turn-out was a desire to see if the railroad people really had been sufficiently in earnest about the proposed copper mine branch to make a survey for it; but the true underlying push was a biting reluctance to have anything more to do with Bullerton, or even to sit at table with him.

Tiptoeing through the common room, so as not to wake Daddy Hiram, I broke into Jeanie's kitchen and raided the cupboard for a bite of something



Raided the Cupboard for a Bite of Something to Eat.

to eat. There was plenty of bread, and some cold fried ham, and cutting a couple of generous sandwiches, I hiked out to make my breakfast in the open.

The sandwiches disposed of, I began to quarter the bench woodland back and forth, searching for some indications of the railroad survey. In due time I found one of the location stakes, and from its facing and the markings on it, got the direction of the proposed line and was able to trace it for some distance along the bench. As Daddy had said, it ran within a few hundred yards of the Cinnabar claim, and a short sidetrack would make his suggestion perfectly feasible; our ore could be shut into the cars with but a single handling.

From tracing the railroad survey, I edged around to take another look at the possibilities of the drainage tunnel Daddy and I had figured on. Going over the ground this second time, and with some better knowledge of the difficulties, it appeared that we must have ridiculously underestimated the probable cost. Pacing the distances carefully, and guessing at the differences in altitude by the heights of the trees, I saw that it wouldn't be safe to count upon less than a mile of tunneling, and this, in the solid porphyry of Old Cinnabar, and in a situation remote from the nearest base of supplies, would run—no, it wouldn't run; it would fairly gallop into money.

Was this what Bullerton meant to do if he could out me? That he was utterly confident of his ability to drain the Cinnabar was evident. But how was it to be done? Would he, or his backers, be willing to spend a quarter of a million or more, and the better part of a year's time, driving that mile-long tunnel?

The longer I thought about it, the larger the conviction grew that no such expensive expedient was to be resorted to. Bullerton, or his backers, or both, knew some other and far cheaper and more expeditious way of getting rid of the water. Sitting on a big rock that had in some former earth convulsion tumbled from the broken cliffs above the mine, I gave the mechanical fraction of my brain (it was a small fraction and sadly under-developed) free rein.

Two possibilities suggested themselves. A siphon, a big pipe, starting at the bottom of the shaft and leading out over the top and down the mountain to a point lower than the shaft bottom, would, after it was once started, automatically discharge a stream of its own bigness, whatever that should be. But the cost of over a mile of such pipe was beyond my means; and if two six-inch pumps driven night and day had failed to make any impression upon the flood, what could be expected of a siphon which, in the nature of things, couldn't be much bigger than an ordinary street water main?

The other possibility was even less hopeful. It was the driving of a short tunnel, which Daddy and I might undertake without additional help, from the level of the high bench straight in to an intersection with the mine shaft. This, I estimated, might tap the water at a point possibly twenty feet below its present level in the shaft. Its success, as I saw at once, would depend entirely upon the location and volume of the underground lake which was supposed to be supplying the flood. If this reservoir were shallow and high in the mountain, the short tunnel might drain it. If it were deep and low, nothing would be accomplished.

The question was still hanging hopelessly up in the air when I made my way around to the mine buildings by the left-hand gulch path, sneaked in and began to shuck myself into Daddy's extra pair of overalls; just for what, I hadn't the least idea; only I needed to be doing something to keep me from going completely dotty in the guessing contest.

By this time, as I knew, they would be getting up from breakfast in the cabin across the dump head, which would most likely be Bullerton's cue to come over and ride me some more. When I looked out in sour anticipation, here he came, smoking one of his high-priced cigars and swagging a bit, as he always did in walking.

"This is your thirty-thousand-dollar day, Broughton," he tossed at me as soon as he stepped over the threshold of the shaft house door; but I fancied I could notice that, some way, he didn't seem quite so chipper and careless as he had the day before.

"See here," I ripped out; "what's the use? You can't buy this mine at any price! It's not in the market and it isn't going to be. Not in a thousand years!"

"But see here; what's the use of butting your head against a stone wall? You're stuck, world without end, and you know it. This flooded hole in the ground is of no more use to you than a pair of spectacles to a blind man!"

"Perhaps not; 'tis a poor thing, but mine own. I guess I can keep it as a souvenir if I feel like it, can't I?"

"Oh, h—!" he grunted, and turning on his heel went away.

After he had gone I patted myself on the back a bit for not losing my temper and then, just to have an excuse for staying away from the cabin and the Bullerton vicinity, I made fires under the boilers and got up steam. In the former pumping spasm Daddy and I had operated only the two big centrifugals, ignoring the deep-well pumps designed to lift the water from the lower levels of the mine.

Just to try something that we hadn't tried before, I got steam on the deep wellers, and soon found that the machinery, which we hadn't taken down in the general overhauling, needed tinkering before it would be safe to run. Banking the boiler fires, I went at the job single-handed and managed to wear out the livelong day at it.

It took me all the afternoon and then some to get the machinery cleaned and tinkered up and reassembled. In pawing over the supplies in the mine storeroom—stuff left by the former operators—we had found an acetylene flare torch and a can of carbide and I rigged the torch so that I could go on working after dark.

It was along about nine o'clock when I got the deep-wells ready to run and freshened up the fires and turned the steam on. In curious contrast to the care which had been taken to provide a discharge outlet for the centrifugals, the Cornish pumps had merely an iron trough which ran to a ditch leading down to the bench below the mine buildings. After a few minutes of the clanking and banging, the water began to come. It was horribly smelling stuff, thick and discolored; evidences sufficient that it was coming from the bottom of the mine. The two pumps together were lifting about an eight-inch stream, and it occurred to me at once that if I could set the centrifugals going at the same time, the mass attack might accomplish what the piece-meal assault couldn't.

Throwing in the clutch that drove the big rotaries, I ran up against what Daddy would have called a "circumstance." There wasn't power enough to drive both sets of pumps coupled in together; at least, not with the steam pressure the boilers were carrying. Thinking to get more power by pushing the fires a bit harder, I went to the detached boiler room to stoke up, leaving the deep wells clanging away in the shafthouse. I had fired two of the furnaces and was at work on the third when a series of grinding crashes in the machinery sent me flying to find out what was going wrong.

What was happening—what had already happened—was a plenty. As I have said, the great Cornish water-lifters were driven through a train of gearing. When I reached the scene, the steam engine was still running smoothly, but the pumps had stopped. The reason didn't have to be looked for with a microscope. The gear-train was a wreck, with one of the wheels smashed into bits, and half of the cogs stripped from its mesh-mate, if that's what you'd call it.

Mechanically I stopped the engine and went to view the remains. The deep-wells were done for—there was no question about that; they'd never run again until a new set of gears should be installed. That much determined, I began to look for the cause of the calamity. Naturally, I supposed that a cracked cog in one of the wheels had given way, and with this for a starter, the general smash would follow as a matter of course. But a careful and even painful scrutiny of the wreckage failed to reveal the cog with the ancient fracture. Each break

was new and fresh and clean; there wasn't a sign of an old flaw in any one of them.

I think I must have knelt there under the gear train for a half-hour or more, handling the fragments of iron and fitting them together. It was like a child's broken-block puzzle, and after a time I was able to lay all the larger bits out upon the floor in their proper relation to one another. It was in the ground-up debris remaining that I found something which suddenly made me see red. Battered into shapelessness, but still clearly recognizable, were the crushed disjecta membra of our twelve-inch monkey-wrench!

I tried not to go off the handle in a fit of mad rage. With a sort of forced calm I considered every beam and projecting timber where I might incautiously have left the wrench, and from which it might have jarred off to fall into the gears. There was no such chance. I had used the wrench in re-assembling the machinery, but now that I came to recall all the circumstances, I distinctly remembered having put it, together with the other tools, on the little work bench back of the engine. The alternative conclusion was, therefore, fairly inevitable. While I was firing the furnaces, somebody—and doubtless somebody who had been watching for the opportunity—had taken advantage of the moment when my back was turned and had thrown the wrench into the gears.

It was the final straw. There was only one person on the Cinnabar reservation who could have any motive for wrecking my machinery; and while I was banking the fires and setting things in order for the night, I charted my course, as the navigators say. The dawn of another day, I told myself, would schedule the ultimate limit. Unless he should prove to be a good bit quicker with his gun than I was with my fists, Bullerton was due to get the man-handling he seemed to be achieving for; and beyond that, he'd quit the Cinnabar, if I should have to tie him on his horse and flog the beast half-way to Atropia.

It was with this most unchristian design seething and boiling in my brain that I finally went over to the cabin, let myself in, and climbed stealthily up the loft ladder to my blankets, and the next thing I knew, it was broad daylight, the sun was shining in at the little window over the head of my bunk, and from the kitchen at the rear a juicy and most appetizing odor of frying ham was wafting itself up through the cracks in the unchinked walls of my cubicle.

CHAPTER XI.

An Arctic Bath.

It's an old saying that coming events have a knack of foreshadowing themselves. While I was struggling into my clothes and reviving that overnight determination to have it out with Bullerton the minute I should lay eyes upon him, it struck me all at once that the house was curiously quiet. To be sure, somebody was stirring and the breakfast was cooking, but the premonition that something had happened was strong upon me when I descended the ladder.

In the living room I found a mighty sober-faced old Daddy putting breakfast on the table.

"It's just you and me for it, this mornin', Stannie," he muttered, laying plates for two; and his mild old eyes looked as if they were about to take a bath.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Has Bullerton gone?"

"Uh-huh; bright and early—fore day, I reckon; leastwise, I didn't hear him when he went."

"But where's Jeanie? She isn't sick, is she?"

He shook his head dolefully. "No; she—she's gone, too."

"Not with Bullerton?" I gasped.

"I sure does look that-away, Stannie. She left a B-I note on the table



"No, She's Gone, Too."

for me, a-tellin' me not to worry none, and sayin' I needn't look for her till I saw her ag'in."

At first I could hardly believe my own ears. It was so incredibly out of keeping with Jeanie as I had been idealizing her.

"Are you going after them?" I demanded.

"What for?" was the despondent query. "Tain't a morsel o' use, any way you look at it. Jeanie's a woman growed, and she don't have to have the old daddy say she can, 'r she mustn't. Besides, they was probably pitchin' out to catch one o' the early trains—there's one each way, east and west—and them trains 've been gone a couple o' hours."

Daddy had done his best with the breakfast, but I don't recall any meal of my life that ever came so near choking me. I told Daddy about the smashing of the machinery, and the proof I had that it had been a piece of sabotage.

"Reckon maybe he allowed you'd find out he done it and try a dogfall 'r somethin' with him to pay him back?" Daddy queried.

"I don't know," I confessed.

I went on eating in silence, or rather trying to eat, and turning over the puzzling and bad-tasting questionings in my mind. How could Jeanie go off with Bullerton, knowing him to be the scamp he was? And why, if she had been meaning all along to do this thing, had she blocked his game by telling me that I wasn't to sell him the Cinnabar?

It was in the midst of these reflections that I chanced to feel in the coat pocket where I had been carrying the deed turned over to me by Daddy Hiram; and for the second time that morning I nearly choked. The pocket was empty!

"What's hit you now, son?" Daddy inquired; seeing my jaw drop, I suppose.

"The last thing there was in the pocket that could fall out and hit me," I gasped. "Bullerton has stolen my deed to the Cinnabar!"

"The mischief he has! Plumb sure you hain't lost it out o' your pocket?"

We made sure, without the loss of a moment; looking in my loft sleeping-place and in the mine buildings. The deed was gone, safely enough, and we both agreed that Bullerton had had plenty of chances to steal it. Wearing overclothes while I was working about the machinery, I had often left my coat hanging in the cabin. As a matter of fact, I hadn't worn it at all on the previous day.

"Well, Daddy," said I, after the prolonged search had proved futile, "where does this leave me?"

Threshing the facts out, we soon found where it left me. Grandfather Jasper, as you may remember, had made no mention of the mine, or, indeed, of any legacy to me in his will as it had been probated; there was no deed of it because he had already deeded the Cinnabar to me, and at the time of his death it was no longer among his assets. Moreover, his lawyers had told Bullerton (according to Bullerton's story told me in the Pullman smokeroom) that there was no record of any mining transactions whatever in his papers. Therefore, in the absence of the memorandum which my grandfather had given Cousin Percy—and which Percy had doubtless carried with him to China—there was nothing but the deed to show that I had ever owned the Cinnabar. The loss was total—with no insurance.

Daddy Hiram was shaking his head sorrowfully after we had run this last bunch of straw through the threshing machine.

With things looking as blue as the bluest whetstone that ever clicked upon scythe, we tried to settle upon some line of action. Copah was the county seat, and the obvious first step would have been for me to go there for a search in the county records for evidence of the sale of the mine to my grandfather. But the minute I should show myself on the railroad, I'd be nabbed for the theft of that infernal inspection car. Daddy offered to go in my place, but that alternative didn't appeal to me at all. I knew perfectly well how helpless he'd be in any such lawyerlike search as would have to be made in the county recorder's office.

TO BE CONTINUED

Mystery, Romance,
Adventure, Character
and Humor

The Girl a Horse and a Dog

By FRANCIS LYND

THE clever author of "The Wreckers" and other great railroad tales, has turned his attention to a different theme. It is of the West, matchless in its expression of the out-of-doors, with charming human types and an absorbing and fascinating wealth of incident. The search for a lost mine is interwoven with a most delightful love story. Watch for it as a serial in this publication. If not a subscriber, become one now.

You Must Not Miss It!

For Sale.

An 6 room house with a two acre lot. This is a desirable piece of property and just outside the town limits. Also 45 acre tract of land 1 1/2 miles of town, in Graded School district, 5 room house, good barn and all under wire fence. Prices right for a quick sale.

L. H. Jones.

Croesus.

Christmas passed off quietly in this section. No sign of snow or skinned heads.

A. D. Grant lost his tobacco barn a few nights ago by fire. Also two crops of tobacco, one wagon, plows, and other farming implements. Insurance \$600.

Mr. Bart Miller was married last Sunday to a Miss Akers, of Denmark. Bart is an industrious farmer and we predict that he has taken the right step, after waiting so long.

Mr. Tilford Petty, of Bowling Green, is visiting at the home of B. S. Miller, during the holidays.

Miss Nancy Miller is visiting friends at Creelsboro this week.

Mr. J. W. Vaughan and family, of Couderport, Penn., are visiting friends and relatives in this section. Mr. Vaughan is well-pleased with his new home in Pennsylvania, and will leave for that place in a few days. Mr. Vaughan is the kind of a man that every body likes to come back home.

Mr. Virgil Aaron has moved his family to Russell Springs for the purpose of placing his children in school.

Mr. Otha Blankenship has returned from Belle Plaine, Kan. Otha looks bad and says hard work and bad water is unhealthy.

Our Fiscal Court has at last furnished a four horse grader for the old Glenville precinct to be used on our roads. Matney Wilborn asked the grader a few days ago where it expected to begin work.

Drilling on the R. C. Campbell farm, near here, has shut down for the holidays, but will resume work next week. A few good oil wells and less moonshine would be a great help to our community.

Wishing the News a prosperous New Year we will ring off

Dirigo,

The Christmas tree at Independence was largely attended and every body seemed to have a jolly time.

Mr. Ace Pelston bought of G. A. Murphey six head of shoats for \$22.00.

Mr. R. H. McKinney is having some work done on his dwelling.

Mr. Hugh Stotts and Miss Rutha Thomas, both of Picnic, were quietly married last Sunday by Rev. J. E. Stotts.

Born, to the wife of Arthur Stotts, on the 18th of December, a daughter.

Mary Campbell, of Amanda-ville, is visiting relatives at this place.

The candy breaking at Hades Harvey's Monday night was largely attended and everybody seemed to have a jolly time.

Rollin and Stanley Bean, of Illinois, are visiting their parents this place.

Entangling Alliances.

The United States Government has joined with Asiatic and European nations sitting at the Disarmament Conference, in an alliance for mutual protection in the

Far East. The nations in the pact are the United States, England, France, Japan.

The agreement is a creation of Secretary of State Hughes and other Republicans high in the administration's favor. It is modeled along the League of Nations plan, although not so binding.

It is the very kind of an "entangling alliance with foreign powers" the Republican party went before the country against last fall. It is the same kind of "alliance" they preached and ranted against when they killed the League of Nations so far as the United States was concerned. Republican and Democratic Senators who waged relentless warfare against The League of Nations, have signified their intention of fighting this latest agreement, or alliance, to a finish. One of these Senators has denounced the new pact as "treacherous, treasonable and damnable." And another has stated "the best part of the treaty are those provisions taken from the League of Nations Covenant. If more had been taken it would have been better."

Were You Interested?

You may have heard great lectures in your time, or have seen great plays at the theatre. You have thought for the moment that you were being highly entertained when great musicians performed.

But just stop and compare your state of mind on these occasions with your state of mind when you were about ten or twelve years old and attended the entertainment and X-mas tree at the district school house when all the people of the neighborhood were there. Were you anxious to recite your "piece" before the audience? How did you like the music, that is the fiddle and guitar?

How about it when some one, the butt of all jokes in the neighborhood, got a big fine package off the Xmas tree and found it contained a half dozen raw pig tails cut off fresh back bones?

Was there anything more beautiful than the large cedar tree covered with popcorn, buckberries and paper ornaments made by the larger school girls?

Who would not give all the Xmas presents he had gotten in twenty years, to live one such occasion again and live it in the former spirit of the occasion. No parent taking second thought, will keep the child away from the neighborhood Xmas tree, for they are all gone too soon—too soon.

The Dail Eireann will doubtless ratify the peace treaty between Great Britain and Ireland, as the debate last week went against De Valera, who is only half Irish, and who was taunted by keeping safe in the United States while all the other Irish leaders were fighting.

Cultivating Immodesty.

It is difficult to pick up a large city newspaper or illustrated magazine without seeing a picture of some woman or young girl making a vulgar display of her legs.

Short skirts are sanitary, easy to walk in, and should be encouraged. They are a distinct im-

provement over the trailing ones that swept up the filth of the streets a few years ago.

But the women of the big cities—or many of them—do not stop at "short skirts." In fact the limit of the exposure seems to be rapidly disappearing as are also those fine feminine instincts we have been taught to revere in womanhood.

A picture in a daily paper which recently attracted attention portrayed two young women blindfolded, seated on a table and in the act of drawing lucky numbers from a bowl, in a contest the paper was conducting.

Modestly gowned? Not at all. Short skirts? Worse.

No skirts at all!

Fortunately this mania for indecent exposure has not hit the country towns very hard.

We hope it never does.—Louisville Post.

Philosophy Day by Day.

Worry pays no dividends. Be a miser with your health, Life's greatest blessing is good health.

Patience breeds success as often as brilliancy.

Keep your mind orderly as well as your house.

If you love your friends don't be afraid to tell them so.

Money makes a good friend, but don't fall in love with it.

One form of conceit is to think that everyone dislikes you.

Our real friends are those who love us in spite of our faults.

Don't offer the wickedness of the world as an excuse for your own failings.

When you are in the mood to correct some one's faults take a peep into your own soul.

Don't fall too much into the habit of leaning on other people's minds. Do some of your thinking yourself.

Conversation was not invented as an exercise for the muscles of the mouth. When you talk say something.

Four buildings of the Kentucky Military Institute, near Louisville, were destroyed by fire with a loss of from \$150,000 to \$200,000. The loss is partly covered from insurance.

The acceptance of the naval ratio by Japan closes the most important feature of the Washington Conference. The only change in the Hughes proposition is that Japan is to keep the battleship Mitsu, and the United States is to retain the Colorado and Washington and Great Britain is to have two additional warships.

Reads All Country Newspaper.

"We have a bureau whose duty it is to read each week the country newspapers from all over the country. There is not a paper of any consequence in our trade territory that our bureau does not get. This bureau looks over these papers and when we find a town where the merchants are not advertising in the local paper we immediately flood that territory with our literature. It always brings results far in excess of the same effort put forth in territory where the local merchants use their local papers," said Herman Rosenfield, advertising manager for Sears, Roebuck & Co.

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THE NEWS

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